

TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE

An article treating of the life, times and character of the slave who proved himself so fully the man of the hour. Fully illustrated.

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THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY
DEVOTED TO LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, MUSIC, ART,
RELIGION, FACTS,
FICTION AND
TRADITIONS OF
THE NEGRO RACE



MISS M. EULALIA REID,
(See page 38.) Baltimore, Md.

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THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE
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The Colored American Magazine

SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.50 A YEAR 15 CENTS A NUMBER

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A FEW OF THE GOOD THINGS
TO BE FOUND IN THE

Colored American Magazine

16

DURING THE YEAR 1901.

(New Volume begins with November issue.)

WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers and the public the following prospectus of a few of the principal features that will appear in THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE during the coming year.

While our magazine has been before the public but a short time, the widespread interest it has aroused and the hearty reception it has received from the Race throughout this country, as well as other parts of the world, have encouraged us as publishers to make such plans for the future as will assure an illustrated monthly magazine of the highest character, devoted exclusively to the interests of the Colored Race.

The following Serials, Short Stories, Series and Short and Timely Articles will appear during the new year, beginning with the November number:

Famous Men of the Negro Race.

By Pauline E. Hopkins, author of "Contending Forces."



HON. BLANCHE K. BRUCE.

The object of this series is to place before the public the wonderful deeds and brilliant achievements which have been accomplished by men of color throughout the world.

To the Negro is denied the stimulus of referring to the deeds of distinguished ancestors, to their valor and patriotism. He is distinguished only as the former slave of the country. Truth gives him the history of a patriot, a brave soldier, the defender of the country from foreign invaders, a "God-fearing producer of the nation's wealth." As such we propose to show him in a series of twelve sketches taken from the lives of eminent self-made Negroes.

We intend to make this series interesting studies of the Negro as a soldier, citizen and statesman. They will be given in the form of biographical character sketches, fully illustrated, and will preserve the fascinating individual personality of each man.

TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE. An article treating of the life, times and character of the slave who proved himself so fully the man of the hour.

Hon. FREDERICK DOUGLASS. So many biographies have been written of Frederick Douglass that it would seem impossible to find anything new to say, but we shall endeavor to give an unique chapter in the life of this famous man.

Hon. BLANCHE K. BRUCE. A brilliant politician who honored his race by filling his place as U. S. Senator, and as Register of the U. S. Treasury, so admirably.

Hon. ROBERT BROWNE ELLIOTT. This illustrious man was the first Negro to enter Congress. He was a distinguished statesman, ripe scholar, and bold defender of the liberties of the people.

Hon. J. MERCER LANGSTON, A.B., A.M., LL.D. Succeeded in educating himself although hampered by prejudice hedged about by obstacles. Rose to be a brilliant member of the Bar, and had the distinguished honor of representing the United States Government as Minister and Consul-General to Hayti, for eight years under President Hayes.

WM. WELLS BROWN, M.D. The famous abolitionist, who escaped from slavery, educated himself while he assisted others to freedom; and made an enviable place for himself in the world of letters.

CHARLES LENOX REMOND. Though never a slave, had all the difficulties of caste to surmount. A brilliant orator, he "earned a place in anti-slavery history worthy a monument, as well as extended biography."

Hon. LEWIS HAYDEN. "Yours for the rights of man." Born a slave, he made himself famous as an abolitionist and member of the world-famous underground railroad.

Dr. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON. Great advocate of industrial education for the Negro. A self-made man, he has raised himself to the position of the most famous colored man now living.

Sergeant WM. H. CARNEY. Famous sergeant of the 54th Massachusetts, first colored regiment organized in free states, Colonel Robert G. Shaw, commanding. His bravery in planting the regimental flag on the works of Fort Wagner has made him renowned in history. We shall give the thrilling story from his own lips.

ROBERT MORRIS. Self-made man and brilliant barrister. First Negro admitted to Suffolk Bar. Interesting story of a life struggle for advancement and its successful accomplishment.

Hon. EDWIN G. WALKER. Son of David Walker, famous abolitionist. Interesting story of a bright, intellectual man who has risen from the ranks to occupy a foremost position among men of any race.

Fascinating Bible Stories.



THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S VISIT TO SOLOMON.
FROM THE PAINTING BY RUBENS.

NOAH AND THE FLOOD.

The Destruction of All Living, and a Wonderful Voyage.

ABRAHAM AND ISAAC.

The Trial of a Great Faith, and the Reward.

ESAU AND JACOB.

The Loss of a Birthright.

JOSEPH AND BENJAMIN.

A Wonderful Story of Palestine and Egypt.

MOSES AND AARON.

The Redemption of an Enslaved People.

A series of twelve of the old stories told in a new way, by the famous story-teller,

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL,

author of "Twice Taken," "Legends of the Gulf," "The Great Bonanza," "Adrift in the Ice Fields," "Drifting Round the World," "Carthagera," etc.

This series of Bible stories will be thoroughly orthodox in fact, but will treat the old, old stories of the Sacred Book in a novel and interesting manner. They cannot fail to interest every reader. The Series will be fully illustrated from photographs and paintings.

ADAM AND EVE.

The Paradise of Peace and Love, and the entrance of Sin and Death into the World.

JOSHUA AND ELEAZAR.

The Conquest of Palestine.

SAUL AND SAMUEL.

The Nation that Desired a King.

DAVID AND JOAB.

The King and His Soldier.

SOLOMON AND HIRATH.

The Wise Ruler and His Tyrian Ally.

BOAZ AND RUTH.

The Ancestors of the Church.

MORDECAI AND HAMAN.

The Doom of a Race and Its Fulfillment.

HAGAR'S DAUGHTER.

By SARAH A. ALLEN.

A powerful narrative story of love and intrigue, founded on events which happened in the exciting times which immediately followed the assassination of President Lincoln. A story of the Republic in the power of Southern caste prejudice toward the Negro.

Southern caste prejudice has grown stronger year by year for thirty-five years, and the determination of the South to dominate or annihilate the Negro, has grown world-famous, and to all human seeming is but in its inception. Read the fate of Hagar's daughter, an outcast in the wilderness like Ishmael of old. This popular serial will begin during the year, and will be complete in twelve installments. Illustrated by original drawings.

WITH THE KNIGHTS OF THE SAWDUST RING.

By MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE,

Author of "Recollections of P. T. Barnum."

An intensely interesting narrative of life under the great canvas of the traveling show. The daily routine of a mammoth circus; training the animals; rehearsals of the performers; the show in winter quarters; "billing" the route; accidents and amusements of the circus folk; the "wagon" show of other days; the stupendous magnitude of the "railroad" show of the present. Compiled from long personal association with the owners, managers, performers and advance agents of America's greatest circuses. Will appear in two installments.

INTERESTING HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

By S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, a Professor F. G. S. I.

We shall publish a series of articles by this famous traveler, treating in a most fascinating manner the lives of certain of the Colored Race who are but little known in America. Professor Hamedoe is already the master of eight different languages, and is at present learning Chinese. Among the first to be published will be:

General Antonio Maceo.

Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia. A direct descendant of Solomon the Great and the Queen of Sheba.

Simon Sam, President of Hayti.

Osceola, the Great Seminole Chief.

Lobengula, the Great Savage Chief.

Khama, the Christian Chief of the Matabele.

Cetawajo and the King of Ashanti and his 3,333 wives.

Others will be announced later.

Helpful Thoughts for Young Men.

Suggested by those who have made large successes in their several callings.

This series of articles, each by a successful Colored Business Man, will give to our youth and young men that inspiration and guidance which we trust will enable many thousands to take their places among the business men of the country during the next decade. The authors of these articles have been chosen from all sections of this country, and their experience and suggestions will therefore appeal to all our readers.

It is by integrity and persistency on your part, young men, that the vexed "Color" question will be settled, and settled permanently. Young men of the Race, the destinies of many thousands are in your hands to make or mar. *Think deeply, act nobly, go forward manfully*, and as sure as there is an unseen power guiding this universe, so surely shall you win the respect of all mankind.

We are able at the present time to announce two of the authors in this series; viz.: Alexander D. Robinson of Boston, Mass., and Preston Taylor of Nashville, Tenn. Others will be announced from time to time. The author's portrait will appear with each article.



ALEXANDER D. ROBINSON,
BOSTON, MASS.

Helps and Suggestions for Young Women.



MRS. ANNIE G. BROWN.

The future of a race lies in the physical and moral development of its youth, their powers of endurance, and the ease with which they adapt themselves to their surroundings.

Desiring to help in this work we have adopted the valuable method of object-lesson teaching, and a number of prominent women who have been successful in life will tell "how they did it," in a series of entertaining articles. Among the authors in this series we have already secured Mrs. Hannah Smith and Mrs. Alice A. Casneau of Boston, together with Mrs. Annie G. Brown, widow of Dr. Wm. W. Brown, who is well known for her great work in the cause of temperance.

Bishops of the African M. E. Church.

There will appear in this magazine from time to time sketches of the lives and works of many of the Bishops of the African M. E. Church. These will be written by intimate personal friends of the several Bishops, and will treat not only of the Bishops during their ministry, but will give a condensed life history of the men. The series will be fully illustrated by portraits, etc.

SHORT STORIES OF SPECIAL WORTH.

It is in this department that the authors of lesser note will receive their recognition. We urgently request all who may have a story or an idea that can be adapted, to write us at once. We give most careful attention to all MSS. received, and will report on same as promptly as possible. We want a magazine *Of the Race, By the Race, For the Race.*

TIMELY ARTICLES AND POEMS.

Our Race is fast approaching a crisis in its history in this country. What will be the final outcome? Let us have your ideas as they come to you. We shall be glad to publish them. We shall also give you from time to time the best thought of many of the brightest minds of the "Race" on this important question. White friends of the Race who are making a study of this same question will also contribute their ideas as to its proper solution.

HERE AND THERE.

This department, which has proved so very popular during the volume just closed, will be continued throughout next year. Let our subscribers and friends see to it that all matters of social and general interest are reported to us for its pages. Let us hear from every part of this country, and in fact the world. We desire this department to carry to the Race throughout the land the feeling of brotherly interest in one another that will effectually bind us into one solid whole, and thus enable us to work more successfully for the rights of the Race. *In Union is Strength.*

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

We shall endeavor in the future as in the past to make this department the one feature of our magazine that shall voice the best and highest thoughts for the good of the race, on all important questions of the hour.

On all phases of our life at home and abroad, including the best solution of the vexed "Color" question here in America, we shall devote our best thoughts and highest endeavors. Should there be any question in regard to which any reader wishes to make special inquiry, we will do our best to answer them.

The issues for an entire year, twelve numbers, cost but \$1.50. Single copies, 15 cents. Sample copy (back number) mailed on receipt of 5 cents. Issued on the first of the month.

Colored Co-operative Publishing Company,

5 PARK SQUARE, BOSTON, MASS.



PHOTO BY PURDY, BOSTON.

THE YOUNG COLORED
AMERICAN.

AN ART WORK THAT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.

Owing to the widespread interest aroused by the publication of this picture in our October number, we have made arrangements to issue a large reproduction of same as an art work. It



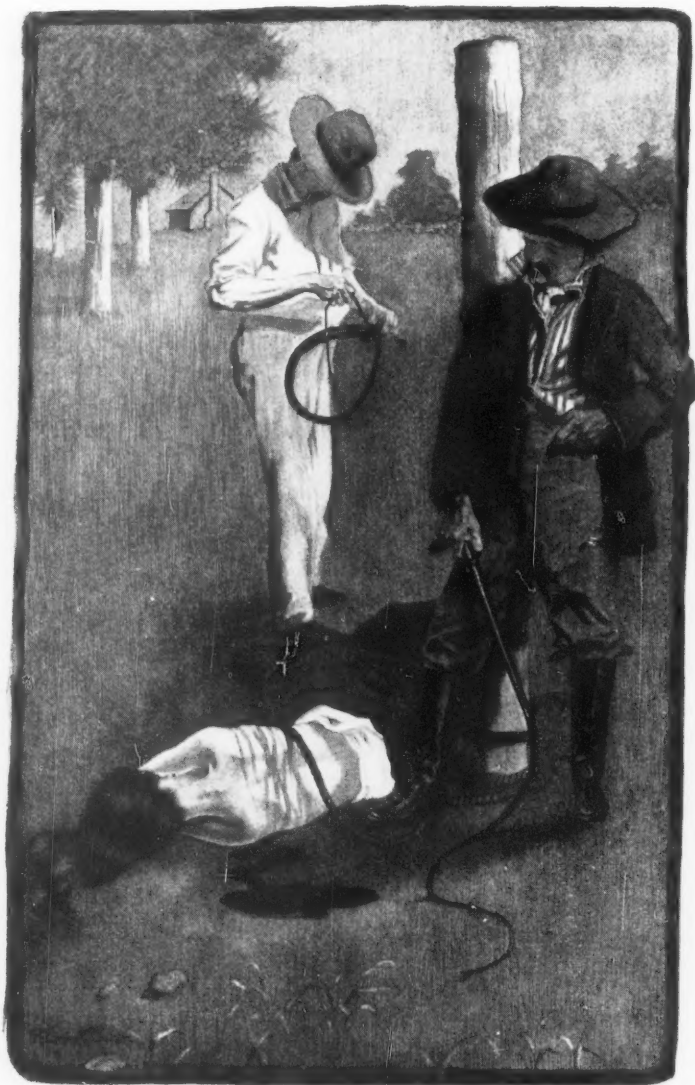
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THE COLORED CO-OPERATIVE PUBLISHING CO., BOSTON, MASS.



Drawing by R. Emmett Owen.

“When Hank Davis had satiated his vengeful thirst he cut the ropes which bound her, and she sank upon the ground again.”

Illustration from the new book,
“CONTENDING FORCES.” See p. 64.

THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. II.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

NO. 1.

PARIS, THE BEAUTIFUL.

MORRIS LEWIS, PARIS, FRANCE.

[This article written for THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE by an attache of the U. S. Commission to the Paris Exposition, and illustrated from photographs taken especially for our use, will interest every reader.]

THE streets of Paris are very irregular in their plan. Instead of any of them being parallel they diverge to a most alarming extent, so that seemingly by "going down the next street" you will be taken a good distance out of your way. The streets are generally planned to run from a certain point called a "place," from which they diverge spoke-like. The "grand boulevards" as they are called, continue for many blocks, but at the end of every two or three blocks the name is changed; for instance, on the same boulevard a distance of about seven blocks encounters Boulevards Madeleine, des Capucines and des Italiennes. Of the boulevards those here named are the principal ones. The supposed greatest drive in the world is here in Paris. The Champs Elysees is known for its wide drive and pleasant walks beneath shady trees. This drive extends from the Arc de Triomphe at the Place de l'Etoile to the Place de la Concorde. The Avenue de l'Opera and Rue de la Paix are the principal business streets, on the latter being the well-known establishment of Worth.

On the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore is located the residence of the President of France.

The general appearance of the city of Paris is one of the greatest uniformity. The architecture of the buildings is very much the same as to height, outside and inside appearance.

The streets are kept very clean and are all paved. I daresay there is not one unpaved street in all Paris. Owing to the commodious sewers in Paris, disposition is afforded for much of the rubbish which collects in a city's streets. Boating parties through the main sewers are of weekly occurrence. The



THE CHAMPS ELYSEES.

principal streets are invariably lined with handsome trees, in the business as well as the residential portions. This is in great contrast to the lone tree in the business center of London. The beautiful little parks of Paris

are scattered all through the city, and add beauty as well as permit of resting and breathing places. The Tuileries and the Gardens of the Louvre are well-known and much-frequented places, as is the Garden of the Luxembourg. In the Tuileries it is a common sight to see men spending hours at a time feeding the birds. The birds are so used to this that they perch on the hand and shoulder of the feeder, and even catch bits of bread thrown into the air; the little sparrows seem to enjoy the sport as much as those who stand idly by. This garden is beautifully laid out with grass plots and numerous statues. On Sundays during the summer and fete days a military band gives concerts, and adds to the delight of the surroundings.

Paris abounds in monuments of note. The Arc de Triomphe, in the center of the Place de l'Etoile, was begun in 1806. It was still incomplete at the downfall of the first Empire. The work was resumed in 1831 and finished in 1836. This arc is the largest of its kind in the world. Its bas reliefs and inscriptions record the triumphs of the Napoleonic ascendancy, and

constitute an imposing monument to national glory. In 1885 the body of Victor Hugo, the poet of the Imperial epic, rested for a night under the Arc de Triomphe. The Washington Monument at the Place d'Iena, unveiled July 3, 1900, presented to France by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Lafayette Monument, unveiled July 4, 1900, presented by the American School Youth, are the newest additions to the monuments of Paris.

The Madeleine, at the head of Rue Royale, was erected by Napoleon I. and destined to figure as a Roman Temple, as will be noticed from its architecture, raised to the glory of the soldiers of the Grande Armee. The Madeleine is cold and majestic in its effect, both exterior and interior. The colonnade or Corinthian columns completely surrounding it present an imposing picture.

The Church of Notre Dame has played an important part in the history of Paris. This cathedral was built from 1163 to 1325. It was first used as a semi-religious and semi-civil building, and in 1794 was transferred into a Temple of Reason. It was restored as a church in 1804. One of the bells in the tower weighs sixteen tons, and requires eight men to ring it. It is only rung on great occasions.



FEEDING THE BIRDS IN THE GARDEN AT THE TUILERIES.

The Church of the Sacre Cœur is built upon a high eminence in the north-western part of the city, and is visible from all directions. The church was begun in 1876, and at present is still in an unfinished state, though services are held there regularly.

The Russian Church is built in the Russian Byzantine style. It has a gilded dome surmounted by a pyramid, and flanked by four smaller gilded pyramids, terminated by gilded balls with a Greek cross above. The church is in the form of a Greek cross. The great Russian fetes are celebrated here with much ceremony. The Czar and Czarina of Russia attended services here on the occasion of their visit to Paris a few years ago.

The tomb of Napoleon, the restingplace of the world's greatest emperor, is in the Hotel des Invalides. The Invalides was founded by Louis XIV., and built from 1670 to 1674. It was restored under Napoleon I. and Napoleon III. The dome was added at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It is



THE MADELEINE.

a square building with a circular dome tower, surmounted by a lantern and cross. The tomb of Napoleon beneath this dome was constructed by Visconti. In the middle is the sarcophagus of the emperor, who died at St. Helena, 1821, and whose

ashes were brought back to Paris in 1840. Around the tomb are grouped six trophies of faded standards captured in battle (44 Austrian, 4 English and 6 Russian).

The Paris Exposition of 1889 left behind as a monument in commemoration of that Exposition, the great Eiffel Tower. This structure is located in the Champ de Mars. The tower is the highest in the world. It was built under the supervision of Monsieur Eiffel in less than three years, between January, 1887, and March, 1889. Entirely constructed of iron, it weighs 7,300,000 kilograms, or over 14,000,000 pounds, and only 250

men were engaged in the construction of this giant structure. At night the tower is illuminated by no less than 7,000 incandescent electric lights. The view from the tower at a height of about 1,000 feet is magnificent.

The French Grand Opera House is situated in the Place de l'Opera, at the beginning of the avenue of the same name. At this theatre a special box to the right belongs to the President of the Republic, and opposite is the box of the Ministers.

On the night of the attendance of the President, the magnificent marble stairway leading to the auditorium is cordoned by soldiers, while on the outside the mounted cavalymen are stationed in spotless dress, seated upon finely groomed horses. The Theater Porte St. Martin, on the Boulevard St. Martin, is managed by Monsieur Coquelin, who takes the part of Cyrano in "Cyrano de Bergerac," by M. Rostand.

The palace of the Louvre is one of the greatest galleries of paintings in the world, and is the most important building in Paris. This structure is a gradual growth of centuries, begun by Francois I. in 1541. On the death of Francois the palace was continued by his son Henry II., who in 1546 appointed an architect of the Louvre to continue its construction. The Louvre was formerly an ancient hunting-lodge, and after the Revolution, by decree of September, 1792, was converted into a National Museum, and opened to the public Aug. 10, 1793. At its inauguration it contained only five hundred and



THE LAFAYETTE MONUMENT.

thirty-seven pictures, mostly collected from Paris churches and national buildings. In no museum in Europe is there greater variety of pictures than in the Louvre. All schools, with the exception of the English and German, are sufficiently represented, while the Italian and the Dutch are seen more completely than anywhere outside of their native domain.

One of the most interesting pieces of sculpture is the "Venus of Milo," which is a priceless treasure of the Louvre. It is a wonderful example of classic art.

It is so beautiful and famous that to most readers it is already familiar by reproductions and descriptions. This statue was found in 1820 by a peasant in the Island of Melos, now Milo. It was sold to the French government for six thousand francs.

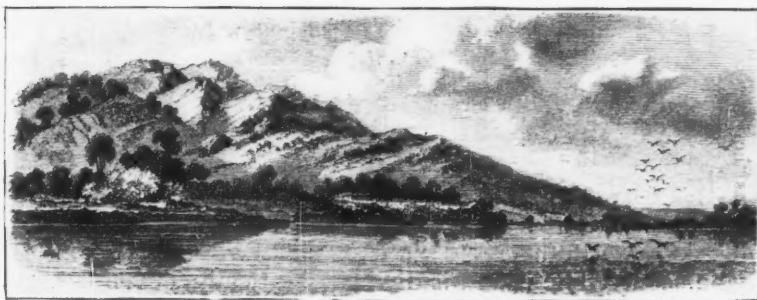


THE GREAT EIFFEL TOWER.

The palace of the Luxembourg was built in 1612. The National Gallery of French Art adjoins the Luxembourg. Historically it is the first museum of France. It was opened as a museum of the works of living artists purchased by the State, on April 24, 1818. Works thus acquired remain in the gallery for ten years after the death of their authors, when they are generally taken to

the Louvre. A painting by H. O. Tanner, the colored American artist, is now in the Luxembourg — "The Raising of Lazarus."

The great palace at Versailles is reached after a ride of three-quarters of an hour from Paris. Its importance is due to the palace and once royal residence, which is situated there, and also its beautiful fountains. This palace dates from the time of Louis XIII.



HAYTIAN COAST.

TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

[The extraordinary fortunes of Toussaint L'Overture bespeak for him more than the passing interest of a dry biography; yet how few the words, how stifled must be the feelings of the heart when we endeavor to cramp the passionate flow of holy emotion aroused by a studious contemplation of the character of our hero, within the narrow limits of a magazine article. To fully understand the position of Toussaint and his relations with France — the brilliant sanguinary France of Napoleon Bonaparte — we must give a cursory glance at the history of the beautiful isle which once held the "Paris of America."]

THE Republic of Hayti is situated on the island of Santo Domingo, which is one of a cluster known to students as the Greater Antilles; interesting on account of their situation under tropical changes and influences, and because they form, as one writer aptly claims, stepping-stones from the Old World to the New.

Dec. 6, 1492, Columbus, then derided as a fanatic, landed on a beautiful island which he called Hispaniola, but in honor of a saint renamed St. Domingo. It lies in the Atlantic Ocean at the entrance to the Gulf of Mexico, is second in size to Cuba, but ranks first of the Antilles in beauty and fertility. Columbus describes the country thus: "In these delightful vales all the



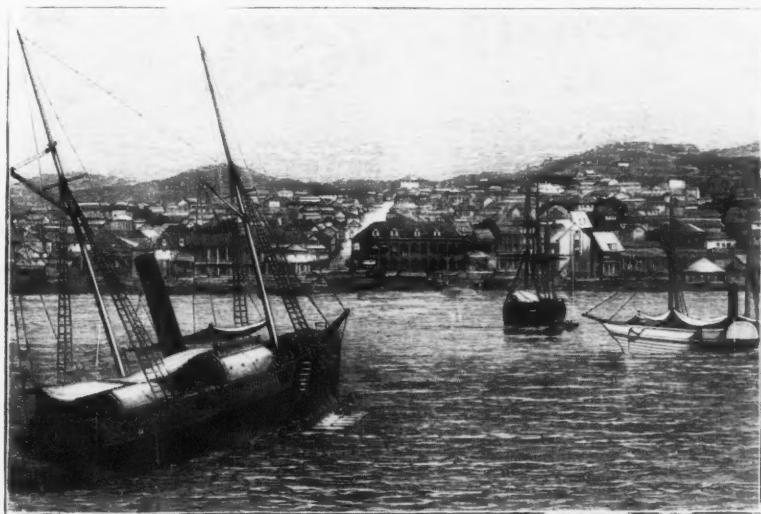
TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

sweets of spring are enjoyed without winter or summer. There are but two seasons, and they are equally fine; the ground always laden with fruit and covered with flowers, realizes the delights and riches of poetical descriptions." Gold, silver and copper mines abound. Many species of valuable wood are found there, and growing side by side in the same field, cabbage, bananas, potatoes, plantains, Indian corn and sugar-cane may be seen. The island is divided, politically, into the Republic of Santo Domingo, occupying the eastern two-thirds, and the Republic of Hayti, occupying the remaining one-third.

The rapid decrease of the Indian population, the aborigines found on the island by Columbus, who were driven into a cruel and barbarous servitude by the Spanish adventurers who flocked from the Old World to the new Eldorado, demanded another source of supply to obtain laborers for the mines, and to cultivate the sugar-cane. All eyes then turned toward Africa, and thus came into regular form the commerce for slaves between Africa and America. The slaves increased on the island until in 1790 they numbered five hundred thousand to thirty thousand whites. Slavery is a many-headed monster; and from the mingling of the whites and blacks the mulattoes had sprung, and at this time numbered thirty thousand.

In contemplating the positions held by different races in the world in point of intelligence, integrity, the capability of receiving culture and becoming useful members of society, the mind, with lightning-like rapidity, passes from the altitude reached by the Anglo-Saxon to the end of the list, and rests upon the record or non-record which indicates the supposed inferiority of the Negro, and groping blindly in the darkness that envelops all that pertains to him, seeks for the ray of light in history that reveals the God in man; the divine attribute that must exist in the Negro as well as in other races, or he sinks to the level of the brute creation. In the history of this island — the sole possession of the Negro race in America — we find what we seek: the point of interest for all Negroes, whether Frenchmen, Spaniards, Americans or Africans — the point of interest for all students of the black race. The voice of history is the voice of God.

The subject of this sketch was one of the most remarkable men of the period in which he lived. That was the period of great popular upheaval in Europe, when the social and (in some measure) political aspect of Christian civilization was changed, introducing as it did the French Revolution, with its deluge of blood and reign of terror, and culminating in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte, with his scheming brain and boundless ambition to subdue the governments of the world. That was the day of Robespierre, Washington, Danton, Adams,



PORT AU PRINCE, HAYTI.

Lafayette, Jefferson and Mirabeau. That was the time when new Republican ideas as embodied in the new government of the United States was engaging the minds of the common people, and the First Continental Congress made its initial bow to civilization. But prominent among men of colossal brain, who made and unmade kings and formed governments anew, we find no worthier candidate for honors than Napoleon's black shadow — Toussaint L'Overture.

Races should be judged by the great men they produce, and by the average value of the masses. Races are tested by their courage, by the justice which underlies all their purposes, by their power and endurance — the determination to die for the

right, if need be. If the Negro race were judged by the achievements and courage in war of this one man, by his purity of purpose and justice in times of peace, we should be entitled to as high a place in the world's relation of facts respecting races, as any other blood in the annals of history.



COUNTRYWOMAN AND
PICKANINNY.

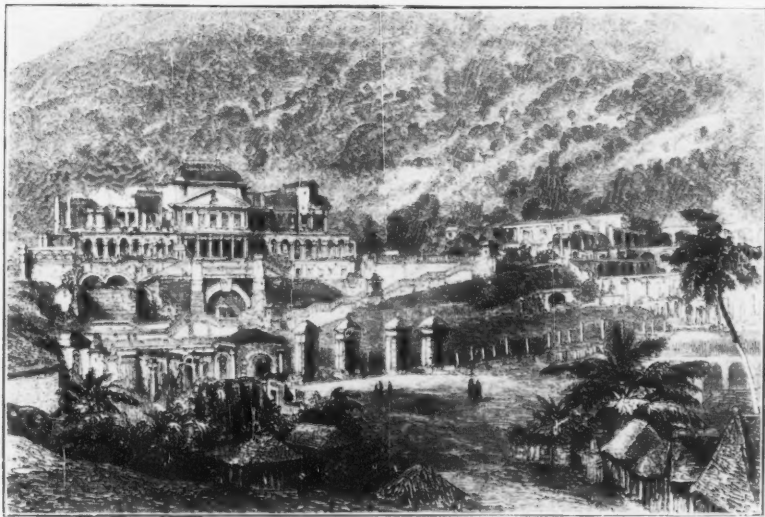
The rise of the blacks under Toussaint was in reality the culmination of a series of altercations between the Home government and the whites and mulattoes of the colony. To fully appreciate the advent of this man we must consider the surroundings that demanded such a character.

The French Revolution burst upon the world in 1789; it found the slaves sullen and indifferent, the mulattoes alert and eager for an opportunity to throw off their galling bonds. "The mulattoes as with us," says Wendell Phillips, "were children of the slaveholders, but, unlike us, the French slaveholder never forgot his child by a

bondwoman. He gave him everything but his name,—wealth, rich plantations, gangs of slaves; sent him to Paris for his education; so that in 1790 the mulatto race held one-third of the real estate and one-quarter of the personal estate of the island. But though educated and rich, he bowed under the same yoke as with us. Subjected to special taxes, he could hold no public office, and if convicted of any crime, was punished with double severity. His son might not sit on the same seat at school with a white boy; he might not enter a church where a white man was worshipping, and when he died, even his dust could not rest in the same soil with a white body. Such was the white race and the mulatto,—the thin film of civilization beneath which surged the dark mass of five hundred thousand slaves."

When the National Convention in Paris at the commencement of the Reign of Terror issued its famous declaration,—“Liberty, Equality,”—the mulattoes in the colony of St. Domingo immediately contributed six million francs to its support, and asked in return that they be recognized socially and civilly. The Assembly acknowledged the munificent gift with a decree: “All free-born Frenchmen are equal before the law.”

James Oge, the son of a wealthy mulatto woman, educated at Paris and well known there in all political circles, was selected to carry the decree to the island. When it was laid before the



PALACE OF SANS SOUCI. BUILT BY HENRI CHRISTOPHE.

General Assembly there the enraged planters tore it in pieces, seized Oge, broke him upon the wheel, quartered the yet palpitating body, and sent a part to be hung up in each of the four principal cities of the island, reviving a custom that had been dead since the suppression of the Spanish Inquisition. Oge was a martyr; so was John Brown a few years later at Harper's Ferry. Every great movement in the name of right demands its innocent victim. The death of Oge sowed the seed which caused the blacks to rise and free themselves in St. Domingo. The spirit of John Brown marched on and on until it swept this country like an avalanche, and freed six millions from oppression.

News of the death of Oge reached Paris. Robespierre rushed to the Tribune and shouted: "Perish the colonies rather than sacrifice one iota of our principles!" The Convention reaffirmed the decree, and returned it to the island for execution.

Part of the Colonists wished annexation to the United States. Others, loyalists in principle, appealed to George III. of England. Governor Blancheland found himself deposed, and fled from the capital. He appealed to the mulattoes who had fled to the mornes, but having experienced his bad faith, they refused to help him. Remembering that the blacks were grateful to Louis XIV. for his "Black Code," the first movement made by any power in their behalf, he appealed to them through agents; and so successful was he, that on Aug. 21, 1791, fifteen thousand blacks, equipped from the arsenal, appeared in the midst of the colony. In this movement Toussaint Breda first appeared.

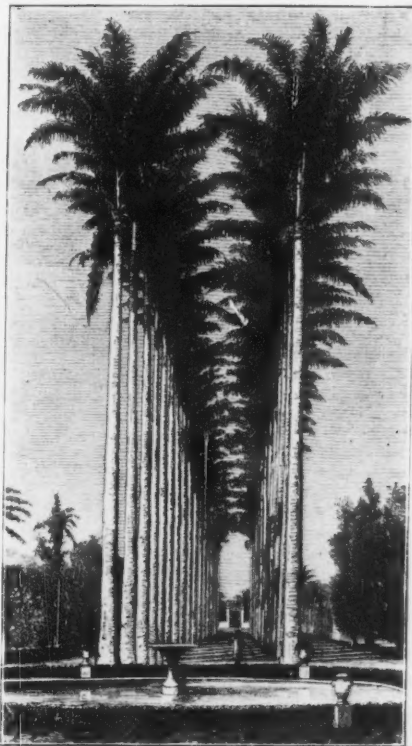
Such was the beginning of a revolt that ought to have a world-wide fame. It stands without a parallel in history,—the successful uprising of slaves against their masters, and the final establishment of their independence. This fact is doubtless due in great measure to the physical features of the island, as well as to the fierce spirit that demanded liberty or extermination.

The Historical Society of Pennsylvania possesses an authentic list in manuscript of the French officers who came to aid the Americans during the Revolutionary War; among them was the Vicomte de Fontagnes, major-general at the siege of Savannah, who commanded a legion of free Negroes and mulattoes from St. Domingo; their officers were Andre, Rigaud, Beauvais, and Beauregarde, all men of color, who afterwards became generals under the Republic; and also Henri Christophe, who later was king of Hayti. From the rise of the blacks, the history of the island seems merged in the exploits of one man—L'Overture.

This Negro left hardly a line for history to feed upon. We have but the reluctant testimony of his enemies. They all pronounce him to have been brave, sagacious, and endowed with wonderful powers for war and government,—attributes which history says were prostituted from noble ends by sav-

agery in battle and hypocrisy in religion. But we are happy to know that these views do not accord with the known facts of his life, with the tenderness that enwraps his memory among his native Haytians whom he delivered from bondage, nor with the story contained in the Haytian state papers.

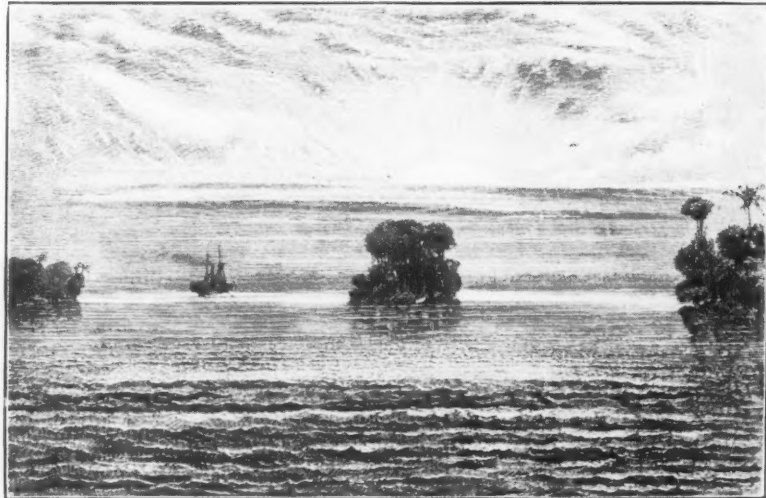
Toussaint was a Negro of unmixed blood. There is a mysterious significance in the diversity of races. The mission of the white man is quite different, probably, from that for which the black man was destined. How puerile and insignificant the theories which are advanced against the black man by men of thought and education who should know better. Until both these races have worked out the destiny for which they were created, judgment must be held in abeyance. Probably Toussaint was of the Senegal African race, who most nearly resembled the whites in character and features, and were distinguished from other tribes by their intellectual superiority and warlike disposition. While yet a slave Toussaint learned to read, and some light may be thrown upon his intellectual capacity when we examine the list of books which engrossed his mind during the years of his leisure upon the plantation before he was called to be a leader of men. These favorite works were: Cæsar's Commentaries, History of Alexander the Great, D'Orleans' History of Revolutions in England and Spain, Marshal Saxe's Military Reveries, Herodotus, Lloyd's Military and Political Memoirs, English Socrates, Plutarch, Cornelius Nepos, etc. He knew



ENTRANCE TO COFFEE ESTATE.

something of herbs, too, and first joined the army as a physician.

As a soldier, we find him in 1800 after seven years of war, at the head of the newly freed, leading them from victory to victory for France under Bonaparte. The Spaniard was driven back into his own cities and there conquered, and for the first time in years the island obeyed one law under one flag. His reward was the name of General-in-chief, and for his phenomenal success in overcoming difficulties the army gave him the name L'Overture: the opening. As a ruler, Carlyle's words best describe him: "The natural king is one who melts all



A TROPICAL MORNING.

wills into his own." In 1800 Toussaint issued a proclamation: "Sons of St. Domingo, come home. We never meant to take your houses or your lands. The Negro only asks the liberty which God gave him. Your houses wait for you; your lands are ready; come and cultivate them." The exiled planters returned on the word of this black. One thing is very clear: that the ruin of Toussaint was due in great measure to his loyalty to France and his filial feeling for Bonaparte. He did not make himself a king, as he might have done, while France was engaged in European warfare. He did not urge his people to resist the mother-country when she should wish to reclaim

her colonies; instead, he taught his people sincere love for all that was for the glory of France. Under his paternal administration, law, morals, religion, education and industry were in full force, while commerce and agriculture flourished. *No retaliation* was the command of this ex-slave to his generals; and no one was so severely dealt with as those who infringed upon this order. The wars in the unhappy island were waged in the most barbarous fashion before Toussaint's elevation to power and after his betrayal. In the interval that had ensued, all his influence was on the side of mercy. The ferocity of his followers was but a copy of the conduct of the whites who had invented the most fearful punishments for the unfortunate blacks taken in battle, or even when basely betrayed into their hands under the protection of a flag of truce. It is no small evidence of Toussaint's greatness, then, that he enforced during such times such a principle as *no retaliation*. He was often reproached with having more love for the whites than for his own people; nor was this accusation without some foundation, for a few months before the arrival of General LeClerc he sacrificed his own nephew, General Moyse, for disregard of orders for the protection of the Colonists. General Moyse was the betrothed husband of his daughter Genefrede, and his death caused a breach in the family that was never healed. Harriet Martineau has most beautifully pictured General Moyse's death in her celebrated novel "The Hour and the Man." The following is an extract:

"Therese was struck with awe as she stood, from time to time, beside the bed on which lay Genefrede. She heard at intervals the tap of a distant drum, and, she was certain, a discharge of firearms. The door from the corridor presently opened and closed again, before she could throw back the shawl from her face. She flew to the door to see if any one was there who could give her news. M. Pascal was walking away toward the farther end. When she issued forth he turned and apologized for having interrupted her, believing that the salon would be unoccupied at this early hour.

"Tell me — only tell me," said she, "whether it is over."

"Not the principal execution — I came away; I saw what melted my soul, and I could endure no more."

"You saw L'Overture?" said Madame Dessalines, anxiously.

"I have seen man as a god among his fellowmen."

A gleam of satisfaction lighted up Madame Dessalines' face through its agony.

"It was too touching, too mournful to be endured," resumed M. Pascal. "Never was man idolized like L'Overture. For him men go willingly to their deaths without protest, without supplication."

"I do not know — I do not understand what has been done," said Therese. "But does not every black know that L'Overture has no private interests; nothing at heart but the good of us all?"

"That is the spell," replied Pascal. "This sacrifice of his nephew will confirm it with my countrymen, as well as with yours, forever. L'Overture walked slowly along each line of the soldiery; and I declare to you, that though all knew that he was selecting victims for instant death, there was passionate love in every face."

"I believe it," said Therese. "And he?"

"He was calm; but a face of deeper sorrow never did I see. I did not, however, stay to see General Moyse brought out."

As he was speaking there was heard the heavy roll of drums at a distance, followed by a volley of musketry.

"That is it!" cried M. Pascal; and he was gone. Therese drew her shawl over her head. She desired in the sickness of her heart never to see the daylight more. She did not move, but she presently heard Father Laxabon's soft voice saying:

"Pardon, madame; but I am compelled to ask where is Mademoiselle L'Overture?"

"She is asleep," said Therese, rousing herself; "asleep, if she be not dead. If this last sound did not rouse her, I think the trump of doom will hardly reach her soul."

This last sound had roused Genefrede. She started up, supposing it night, but felt so oppressed that she sprang from bed with a confused wonder at finding herself dressed, and threw open the door to the salon.

"My daughter" — said Father Laxabon. She came forward with a docile and wistful look. "My daughter," he continued, "I bring you some comfort."

"Comfort?" she repeated doubtingly.

"Not now, Father," interposed Therese. "Spare her."

"Spare me?" repeated Genefrede, in the same tone.

"His conflict is over, my daughter," continued the Father, advancing toward Genefrede. "His last moments were composed; and as for his state of mind in confession" —

He was stopped by a shriek so appalling that he recoiled as if shot, and supported himself against the wall. Genefrede rushed back to the chamber and drove something heavy against the door.

"The windows!" exclaimed Therese. She stepped out upon the balcony. No one was there.

"The reservoir!" thought Therese in despair.

She was not mistaken. Genefrede stood on the brink of the deep and brimming reservoir; her hands were clasped above her head for the plunge when a strong hand seized her arm and drew her irresistibly back. In ungovernable rage she turned and saw her father.

"They say!" she screamed, "that everyone worships you! Not true now! Never true more! I hate — I curse" —

"He held up his right hand with the action of authority which had awed her childhood. It awed her now. Her voice sank into a low shuddering and muttering."

While we admire the grandeur of a great moral heroism as exhibited in the abnegation which led this man, for the sake of what he called justice, to destroy his nephew — the betrothed of his daughter — the only child of a wifeless brother, still we feel that such a course would have been beyond us of the present day and generation; nor do we feel shame in making such a confession when we consider the treachery of the whites, who even then contemplated L'Overture's destruction.

So great was Toussaint's determination that the whites should acknowledge the good faith of the blacks, that he disbanded his army and sent his men back to cultivate the very estates where

they had formerly lived as slaves. Too late he saw the folly of his act when the armament which came to re-establish slavery appeared off Samana. But unfortunately all these acts had had the effect of weakening the resistance of the blacks to France, and we presume must have been the cause of the insertion of that remarkable clause in the Constitution of the Haytian Republic after the final establishment of the freedom and independence of Hayti: "No white man, whatever be his nationality, shall be permitted to land on the Haytian territory with the title of master or proprietor; nor shall he be able, in future, to acquire there either real estate or the rights of a Haytian."

Toussaint's bitterest enemies have never charged him with sensuality, love of money, or wanton cruelty. He loved his God first, as became a man; next to his God he placed his race and the mother country; last, his family absorbed all the great tenderness of a heart too pure for the machinations of wily strategists. Again we quote from Martineau to illustrate the perfect purity of the love which existed between Toussaint and his wife:

"Yet I look upon Genefrede as perhaps the most favored of our children. It is so great a thing to be so beloved!"

"It is indeed the greatest thing." Margot stopped as a turn in the walk brought them in view of the house. The long ranges of veranda stood in the moonlight, checkered with the still shadows of the neighboring trees. Every window of the large white mansion gave out a stream of yellow light, to contrast with the silvery shining of the moon. "This is very unlike the hut we went to when we were married, Toussaint. Yet I was quite happy and contented. It is, indeed, the greatest thing to be loved."

"And have you not the greatest thing here, too? Do I not love you, my Margot?"

"Oh, yes! Yes, indeed, we love each other as much as we did then — in that single room, with its earthen floor, and its cribs against the wall, and the iron pot in the fireplace, and the hen pecking before the door. But, Toussaint, look at the difference now! Look at this beautiful house, and all the gardens

and cane-pieces — and think of our palace at Port au Prince — and think of the girls as they look at church, or in the boat today — and how the country is up rejoicing wherever you go — and how the Assembly consider you — think of all that has happened since that wedding-day of ours at Breda! It is so fine, so wonderful, that you shall not frighten me about anything that can happen. I am sure the blessing of God is upon you, my husband, and you shall not make me afraid."

George III. offered him any title, any revenue, to hold the island under the British crown. He refused.

Once his carriage was riddled with bullets; but luckily, he was on horseback on the other side. The seven Frenchmen concerned in the attempt were arrested, and expected to be shot. The next day was a saint's day, and Toussaint had them placed before the altar. When the priest reached the prayer for forgiveness, Toussaint repeated it with him, and the offenders were allowed to go unpunished. His Christianity was broad. In 1800 admission to the House of Commons required that the candidate first should partake of the Episcopal communion. In 1800 religious bigotry in the United States was intense, and at that time this Catholic ex-slave ordered as the first line of his Constitution: "I make no difference between religious beliefs."

When it at last became evident that Napoleon was determined to crush the spirit of liberty in the blacks of St. Domingo, Toussaint became the intrepid leader who obeyed to the letter the stern mandates of war. Day after day he, with Christophe, looked out across the waters of Cap Samana for the expected French fleet. "He looked on a sight no native had ever seen before. Sixty ships of the line, crowded by the best soldiers of Europe, rounded the point. He counted the flotilla, let the reins fall on the neck of his horse, and turning to Christophe said: 'All France is come to Hayti; they come to make us slaves, and we are lost!' He then recognized the only mistake of his life — his confidence in Bonaparte, which had led him to disband his army.

"Returning to the hills he issued the only proclamation which bears his name and breathes of vengeance: 'My children,

France comes to make us slaves. God gave us liberty; France has no right to take it away. Burn the cities, destroy the harvests, tear up the roads with cannon, poison the wells, show the white man the hell he comes to make!' And he was obeyed.

"When William of Orange saw Louis XIV. cover Holland with troops, he said: 'Break down the dikes, give Holland back to ocean!' And Europe said: 'Sublime!' When Alexander saw the armies of France descend upon Moscow, he said: 'Burn Moscow, starve back the invaders!' And Europe said: 'Sublime!'

"This black saw all Europe marshalled to crush him, and gave to his people the same heroic example of defiance.

"Beaten in the field, the French then took to lies. They cheated every one of his officers except Christophe, Dessalines, and his own brother Pierre, and finally these, too, deserted him and he was left alone. He then sent to LeClerc: 'I will submit.'

"He went down to his house in peace; it was summer. LeClerc remembered that the fever months were coming on, when one wave of that royal hand would sweep his troops into the sea. He was too dangerous to be left at large. So they summoned him to a council;—and here is the only charge made against him: they say he was fool enough to go. But he was not cheated. He was under espionage. He probably reasoned thus: 'If I go quietly I shall be treated accordingly.' And he went. The moment he entered the room the officers drew their swords and told him he was a prisoner; he was not at all surprised, but seemed very sad. They put him on ship-board and weighed anchor for France. As the island faded from his sight he turned to the captain and said: 'You think you have rooted up the tree of liberty, but I am only a branch; I have planted that tree so deep that all France can never root it up.' From the moment he was betrayed the Negroes began to doubt the French, and rushed to arms. Then flashed forth that defying courage which shows how alike all races are when tried in the same furnace. The war went on. Napoleon sent over thirty thousand more troops, but disaster followed all his

efforts. What the sword did not devour the fever ate up. Le-Clerc died, and Pauline carried his body back to France."

Toussaint's death is shrouded in mystery. He was at first confined in the Temple, until Napoleon gave up hoping to extort from him the secret of buried treasures which it was erroneously reported that he possessed. We know not the exact manner of his taking off, but that he was cruelly murdered there is no doubt. It is commonly accepted as a truth, however, that while Toussaint was very ill the commandant left the fortress for two or three days, with the key of Toussaint's cell in his pocket. When he returned the prisoner was dead.

Our hero had the pity and sympathy of all generous spirits of the time during his disappearance. Wordsworth's sonnet is particularly delightful:

Toussaint, the most unhappy man of men!
Whether the whistling rustic tend his plow
Within thy hearing, or thy head be now
Pillow'd in some deep dungeon's earless den:
O miserable chieftain! where and when
Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not: do thou
Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee: air, earth and skies.
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee: thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

The family of Toussaint was first sent to Bayonne, and afterward to Agen, where one of the sons died of a decline. The two elder ones endeavoring to escape from the surveillance under which they lived, were embarked for Belle Isle and imprisoned in the citadel, where they were seen in 1803. On the restoration of the Bourbons not only were they released, but a pension was settled on the family. Madame L'Overture died in the south of France in 1816 in the arms of Placide and Isaac.

Placide espoused Josephine de Lascase, the daughter of a nobleman, in 1821. When he died, in 1841, he left his widow with a daughter, Rose Toussaint L'Overture. This woman was

living in 1892, at the advanced age of sixty-nine years, in the retired village of Dordogne, at Siorac, where she was universally esteemed. She received at that time a pension of 1,552 francs from the French government.

Unroll the scroll that records wonderful achievements, and among the thousands there your eye will linger upon Thermoplae and Marathon and Platea. Later you will point with pride to the Americans in the Revolutionary War; still later you will admire the brilliancy of the mind that accomplished its own aggrandizement in the person of Napoleon Bonaparte.

All these things were done by men of education capable of thinking and acting for themselves; with a long line of ancestry, perhaps, which transmitted to its later offspring the power to command armies and hold the reins of government. But think of the rise of the Haytian slaves under a slave! armed with nothing but their implements of toil and their own brave hearts, who out of their mountains and running streams forged the arms that drove back the conqueror of the world; and clasping Freedom to her breast, Hayti crowned herself with the cap of liberty.

History has recorded these deeds, and they shall be known; God intends it so! Therefore the history of the Island of St. Domingo is interesting to the Negroes of the United States; brothers in blood, though speaking different languages, we should clasp our hands in friendship when we look back upon our past, when we, too, though unaccustomed to the sound or use of arms, marched to Fort Wagner and to Fort Pillow, and there raised our bethel consecrated by the life-blood of the brave black man. History has recorded that, also, and it shall be known; God intends it so!

Let us not fear for the future of Hayti or for the future of the whole race; the same God rules today who ruled in ages past. As a race we shall be preserved, although annihilation sometimes seems very near. For the Republic of Hayti, whose freedom was cemented by the martyred blood of this soldier and statesman, we feel with the late Frederick Douglass, that as the north star is eternal in the heavens, so will Hayti remain forever in the firmament of nations.

"WEALTH MAKETH MANY FRIENDS."

A Meditation on the Negro Business League Meeting recently held in Boston.

REV. GEORGE E. STEVENS.

Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church, Boston, Mass.

I DESIRE to express myself concerning the results of the recent Negro Business League, which met in Boston on Aug. 23 and 24. The convention was a revelation to the people of Boston and the country, and made a profound impression for good upon all classes.

The programme, which very properly had been prearranged in every detail, was carried out to the letter by the chairman with courtesy and businesslike firmness. This fact had very much to do with the success of the convention. But "points of order," heated discussion and seeming waste of time have always marked the deliberations of thinking men, and always will. This, however, was not a deliberative gathering to devise ways and means, nor a body of men with grievances to be ventilated and protested against; they had come primarily to relate their struggles and successes in business. This they did in an intelligent, straightforward way, which commanded the respect of even the most critical, though not hostile, minds.

There was not a delegate present, however, who was not thoroughly alive to all those painful conditions which distress and hinder the Negro in this country. They all had the spirit and the ability to offer a man's protest, and many could have suggested a patriot's remedy, but they uttered not one word concerning the franchise, mob violence, or any degrading customs. This was a masterly silence. They understood themselves. It was a silence not from fear, I believe, but in order to give emphasis to the one purpose which brought them together; namely, to stimulate their people throughout the country towards business. When this purpose bears its full fruitage, the Negro will be heard, for he will be sought. "Wealth maketh many friends, but the poor is separated from

his neighbor."—Prov. xix: 4. This deduction from life by Solomon had gripped the delegates and was controlling them.

Boston has an estimated wealth of \$1,227,000,000. Much of this wealth was amassed by patient toil and thought on the part of individuals who, in spite of difficulties, were determined to rise and hold the place which honest competency brings. What others have done the Negro can do; and I rejoice to see that he is now being forced to do this very thing. It takes time, it takes an indomitable courage, lots of hard work and wise economy on the part of many individuals before a *race* can take its undisputed place at the side of other races.

Business leagues, local and national, cannot do for the individual what the individual must always first do for himself. Individual success must precede success in organization. This recent convention was a wholesome, inspiring force among us, because its individual members could bring to it the story of their own hard work, with its rich fruits.

Mr. Fitzgerald, the wealthy brickmaker in Durham, N. C., learned his trade in my father-in-law's brickyard at Lincoln, went South a poor young man thirty years ago, before Tuskegee had existence, and thus began in obscurity to lay the foundation of his great fortune. Mr. Montgomery, the ex-slave of Jefferson Davis, was a distinguished and intelligent example of individual struggle and triumph.

Mr. Washington, our eminent brother, the father of this movement, is an example, also, of sturdy individual effort. When he left the salt-pits of West Virginia thirty years ago to seek an education at Hampton, to fit himself for life, he entered upon an intense, earnest, individual struggle, which has been marvelously blessed. Today he is wise in counsel, and has the confidence and co-operation of thousands, because he was true to himself and faithful in improving his own opportunities.

The annual meetings of these business leagues will more and more make clear the fact that in every part of our country Negroes, in spite of prejudice and an hostile environment, are pressing into the various business enterprises and are amassing fortunes. This the Negro has been doing ever since emancipa-

tion, without the stimulus of organization. God seems to have put into the ex-slave a genius for getting along, for making the best out of adverse circumstances, and converting them into allies for his own advancement. This principle of development is strong in the white race; and this recent convention, in the men who spoke, has shown that it is no less strong in the black race. The difference is only one of degree. The whites are in the senior class in the college of civilization, and the blacks are just entering the freshman class. Why should the Negro freshman be sullen and not generous, discouraged and not hopeful, obsequious and not manly? Why should the Saxon senior, knowing the long, rigorous discipline through which he has passed, be arrogant and not sympathetic, patronizing and not fraternal, exclusive and pessimistic, not chivalrous and hopeful, towards his younger brother of darker hue?

The Republic will not be free from one of its most dangerous questions, and become homogeneous and prosperous in the truest sense, until the Saxon senior puts away his little useless theories concerning that troublesome freshman, and therefore ceases to embarrass him; not until that Negro freshman learns that pretence and self-assertiveness and mere color should never expect that regard which merit alone can command.

Now this organized movement headed by Mr. Washington, to encourage Negroes to acquire wealth in a healthy, creditable way, will do more at this time than anything else to convince both the white senior and the black freshman that in origin and destiny they are one. If they are mutually antagonistic they will both perish, and the Republic with them. But if they are mutually friendly and help each other, the flag will proudly represent a beautiful national character.

This fairness, this brotherhood, is basic; it is the soil which conditions all growth. The essential unity of the races, unvexed by arbitrary laws, is the postulate which we all must admit at the start: that the freshman, sophomore, junior and senior classes in the college of civilization are inseparably connected, and open to all classes and races who may desire to come. Accept this, and the problem is solved.

FASCINATING BIBLE STORIES.

I. Adam and Eve.

CHARLES WINSLOW HALL.

IN the Garden of Eden, the blessed, most perfect paradise and heart of a world fresh from the hands of its Creator, Adam, "son of the red earth," the newly made man, stood surrounded by the wonders of creation.

Where that mystical and enchanted garden bloomed can never surely be known to religious enthusiast or sagest cosmographer, although from the earliest ages men have exhausted science, research and imagination in seeking to locate its lost delights and vanished or forbidden glories. Some say that it once stood where the Tigris and Euphrates flow amid the deserted marshes of Mesopotamia, while others tell of that lost and beautiful Atlantis, whose mountain peaks alone remain to tell of a great archipelago once bridging the Atlantic, from the pillars of Hercules to South America, which, as the priests of Sais said to Solon, wisest of the Greeks, was scourged by volcanic fires, rent by tremendous earthquakes, and swept by the tidal waves of a tortured ocean, until they went down in one day and night to eternal and complete perdition.

Others, and wise men, too, have said that Adam stood in the center of Eden, amid a glory of throbbing life and supernal beauty, at that mysterious "summit of the world" which Hudson, Barentz, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Peary, DeLong, Andree and a host of other brave mariners and scientists have sought beyond the glacial barriers which close the way to the north pole, where still the birds, which like the angels are without sin, and fear not the flaming sword of the northern lights, or the cordon of famine, cold and peril which forbid the approach of man, still find a safe refuge, with food and shelter, in some mysterious land in which they may love, and live in peace, until another brood replaces the lost ones, and the approach of winter sends them southward again, where on every coast death awaits their coming.

Here, say some philosophers, Adam saw the planets swiftly sweep around him just above the horizon, in eternal procession, measuring the day, and bringing round in unending succession, the seasons of bud, leaf, flower and fruit. Here the mountains were clothed in verdure, through which broke rocky cliffs of manifold coloring, glittering with gems and mineral facets, over which fell the rush of cataracts and the misty veil of slender waterfalls. From their base crept murmuring rivulets and broad, deep rivers, through a land in which palm and vine, orange, date and fig, and every tree that is good, grew strong and beautiful amid parterres of flowers, vernal meadows, and every form of vegetable life which gave food to fowl and beast and to man; "the arch and crown of things," king of paradise, the companion of angels, and the especial care of the Father Eternal.

Every grove was a palace, every cave and coppice a chamber of rest, and every vista a dream of ever-changing beauty. There was neither death nor fear, for all things dwelt together in peace; and to Adam came all living things, anxious to feel his touch, and happy when their strength or skill could serve him. Only the serpent, glittering with metallic armor, but gentle and softly murmuring of love and devotion, moved proudly and at times a little apart, as if in scorn and weariness of the universal homage.

And Adam felt, albeit but dimly, as one feels in a troubled dream: that for him there was no mate who could be with him, apart from the birds and beasts, a little lower than the angels, and not less dear to the Father eternal. And as he slept, dreamlessly and without fear, there came an awakening, such as even upon this sinful and sorrowful earth still comes once at least to most of the sons and daughters of Adam.

Who shall describe the beauty and sweetness of the first bride; the glorious strength and stature of the first bridegroom; earth's first marriage, in which the Creator gave a sinless and immortal bride, to the happy father of all living, or that morning, of all others fairest and brightest, in which the birds sang melodious madrigals to the ripple of rivers, the sighing of

zephyr-kissed foliage, and the soft diapason of waves which gently broke upon the shores of a sailless sea.

Then followed an era of peaceful and happy life, in which Adam learned of God and of his angels the wisdom to which his descendants have but partially attained through cycles of sin, struggle and suffering; and with him helpful and loving was the bride whom God had made a helpmeet for him. To their vision the stars in their courses, and the most infinitesimal forms of life, were alike clearly visible; nor can we doubt that the language of birds and beasts, to us at best a matter of speculation, were by them understood and spoken. Surely in the tongues of some of these, excepting those sounds which tell of pain and fear, still exist on earth a remnant of the speech and music of paradise.

Gabriel, it is said, told Adam how to multiply useful fruits, vegetables and grains; although some of the Jewish mystics have taught that the tree of knowledge of good and evil bore as fruit as splendid sphere, whose hard and shrunken representative today is the kernel of wheat, which still nourishes and delights so many millions of humanity. Certain it is that neither revelation nor tradition teach that life in Eden was idleness and sensual gratification.

The fleetest deer could not distance them in the race; the otter and seal saw the flashing of white limbs far before them in the ocean surges and the eddies of the torrent; their strength knew no weariness nor limit of power, and the joys of healthful existence blessed every sense and action.

Too soon came that mysterious era of temptation, which led them to seek that fatal knowledge of "good and evil," denied them by eternal goodness, and to be attained only by disobedience and ingratitude. Whether the serpent was but the instrument of the fallen archangel, who even in heaven disdained to obey God or whether the tempter took that form to enter Paradise is of little moment; Eve listened, and ate of the forbidden fruit, and Adam was partaker of her sin.

Then followed that sense of guilt and fear of impending evil; that ceaseless longing to attempt and experience all things, good

and evil, which has ever since led weak natures downward, and sown the path of erring but noble men and women with thorns and pitfalls innumerable. Forth from their home of beauty and peace went our first parents; southward from the mystical "summit of the world," henceforth lost to mankind forever.

They went not forth abject, naked and portionless. With them went horse and kine, sheep and goat, the innocent companions of their pristine happiness, and also fellow-sharers of that bitter lot of death and suffering which followed close upon the primal curse. The world beyond Eden was still beautiful and fertile with sweet waters and flowers, fruit and grain, and love and kindness were still living in the hearts of the first wanderers. The fear of their strength and majesty still tamed the fiercer beasts in whom the struggle for existence first awoke the desire to slay and eat, and death came into the world when some savage forager of forest and wold, or bird of prey claimed its first victim. Adam saw and shuddered, and Eve with bitter tears wept over the crimson stains that told of innocent life destroyed by violence. Cain, her first begotten, strong and daring, guarded flock and herd, and with rude weapons of club and stone destroyed the destroyer, while Abel loved his milder labors in garden, field and orchard, and fairer girls, unnamed of Bible history, aided Eve as she cared for the new home and its increasing inmates.

There are weird traditions of early passions and jealousies which in later years came to alienate brother from brother, and deepen the differences which arose between the bold, fierce, fearless Cain, destroyer of ravenous beasts and predatory birds, and the peaceful Abel. Doubtless there were many scornful words and bitter taunts, before even in the act of worship, Cain failed to receive the divine approval of his sacrifice. Was it to be wondered at that the pride, ambition, disappointment, jealousy and shame of that haughty giant herdsman of the past, should initiate the endless chain of fratricidal murders, which have in ages since rent family, society, state and church alike with the commission of the greatest of crimes? Into unending exile went Cain the slayer, set apart from the love and companionship of his

parents forever, and bearing the impress of that divine seal which should throughout this mortal life save him from the vengeance of man, yet mark him as the most dangerous of all the emissaries of death,—a slayer of his kind. He also was the first of those chieftains who, leaving home and friends, found a wilderness and built up a civilization and realm apart. Men say that anciently a great and fair land extended from the then habitable pole to the northern parts of what are now Europe, Asia and America, and that over its broad bridge of meadow and forest men moved slowly southward, driven by elemental war and increasing desolation, domestic contention and tribal wars, until they reached the heart of the Old World in Central Asia, or the centers of an extinct American civilization. However that may be we know not, only knowing that for ages certain animals, fruits and cereals have been the chief reliance of men, and that little has been reclaimed from its pristine savagery since the earliest traditions spoke of the possessions of men.

When Adam had seen six score years and ten Seth was born, as Eve said, "to replace Abel, whom Cain slew"; and for years almost innumerable, even eight centuries, he lived with Eve, begetting brave sons and fair daughters, and seeing family and tribe moving ever into the wider circle of the unreclaimed earth. Long before he died, saith tradition, Lamech, already a man of family and position, and descended from Cain in the fifth generation, by misadventure dealt his venerable ancestor a fatal wound, and so unwittingly and innocently became the avenger of Abel. It is also written, that being partially blind, yet still strong and skilful in the use of arms, he was told by his attendant that an object uncertainly seen by him was a wild beast; and that when his javelin had done its fatal work, Lamech in his horror and anger slew the youth beside him.

For this reason, men say, it is written in the fourth chapter of the Book of Genesis:

"And Lamech said unto his wives, Ada and Zillah: 'Hear my voice, ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech; for I have slain a man to my wounding, and a young man to my hurt. If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech shall be avenged seventy and sevenfold.'"

In many lands and tongues there are traditions of the first man and woman, and of a blissful abode lost by them because of disobedience and ingratitude to a divine protector. In many there are vague evidences of a belief that in the north or north-



CREATION OF EVE.

From the painting by Doré.

east lay the lost cradle of the human race. Never has the finger of tradition pointed to the southern pole; never has a great people risen to power and prestige beyond the equator.

"And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died." Such is the epitaph of the first of

living men, as recorded in Genesis. Nothing is said of Eve, fair and faithful companion and sharer of his joys and sorrows, mother of myriads, if in the due course of life she grew old



DRIVEN OUT OF EDEN.

From the painting by Doré.

beside her lord, to soothe his last weaknesses, mourn over his grave, and follow him into the darkness.

Doubtless thousands obeyed and revered them, giving them all that may brighten and dignify life, and receiving in turn their princely protection and charity. In the light of recorded Scripture and of reasonable conjecture, we may well believe

that a civilization superior to that of Mexico or Babylon had resulted from the life work of those who had learned of a divine teacher the arts necessary for their protection and comfort. Giants in all that pertains to humanity, and aided by the descendants of many generations who inherited their abilities and profited by their wisdom, Adam must at his death have ruled a great and civilized people, gifted by descent and driven from one stage of progress to another by the desires and necessities of thirty-three generations.

But evermore they must have turned from all worldly pride and pleasure toward that quarter of the heaven in which they had last seen the flaming sword and the guardian cherubim, which shut out forever access to Paradise, and that tree of life which was once at their disposal, to renew forever the glorious strength and beauty which were in the beginning given them of the Lord.

HERE AND THERE.

[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout the country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general views and interest.]

WE note with pleasure the grand work which is being accomplished by the Hypatia Social and Literary Club of Summit, N. J., among the young people of that town; having for its motto the advice which the Apostle Paul gave to the Thessalonians in his first epistle, fifth chapter, twenty-first verse; viz., "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." The influence of the club long ago overstepped the bounds of its membership, and is now exerting a healthy public sentiment in favor of the race. The organization is the outgrowth of the efforts of Miss Violet A. Johnson, whose leadership in every good movement in which she is engaged is undisputed. The meetings of the club are held weekly, at which interesting papers and essays are read and opened for debate. The dues are five cents per week. The club is well sustained by a membership and a literary committee. The officers are: Miss V. A. Johnson, presi-



DR. H. C. FAULKNER,
Chicago, Ill.



MRS. GEORGIA M. DE BAPTISH FAULKNER,
Chicago, Ill.

dent; Miss Carrie M. Oliver, vice-president; Miss Lila Morse, secretary; Mr. Adair, assistant secretary; Miss Jones, treasurer.

MISS FLORENCE E. ISHAM has the distinctive prestige of having won more medals, for behavior and excellence in studies, than any other scholar, white or colored, in the city of Richmond, Va. The Richmond public schools are noted for their thoroughness and scope. A graduate of the high school has no trouble, so far as knowledge is concerned, in matriculating at any college in the country. Miss Isham has received fourteen medals, four Peabody and ten first honor silver medals, for which Mayor Taylor Ellyson made special mention in his address and presentation speech to the graduates. She now instructs in the highest grade of the Moore School, and acting assistant principal. She also is an ardent Sunday-school teacher of the Ebenezer Baptist Church, Rev. Richard Wells, pastor, and Vice-President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. Scott Burrell, Secretary. Among her many qualifications are music and painting.

AMONG the dramatic organizations managed by our people, none occupies a more prominent place in Afro-American life than the Greater New York Dramatic Company.



MISS LILA MORSE. MISS CARRIE M. OLIVER.
Members of the Class of 1901, Boynton Institute, Va. See page 36.

The company enjoys the reputation of being the most highly appreciated and talented of its kind among our people in this vicinity. Wherever it has appeared in the presentation of the

various plays which it has offered for the entertainment of its patrons, complete satisfaction has been given.

The promoters of the company are Messrs. A. B. Quetrell and Alonzo Skrine. From the inception of the company Mr. Quetrell has been a leading character, and has thoroughly demonstrated his ability as a dramatic performer. He is a graduate of the Norfolk, Va., Mission College, class of '92.

The company having been so cordially received in its past performances, has been billed for the presentation of plays of a prominent character throughout the state. Some of the

plays that have been successfully presented are: "Damon and Pythias," "Julius Cæsar," "Richard III.," and scenes from "Cataline." Persons desiring further particulars will please address our New York Agent, Mr. W. Barnett Dodson, 45 Park Place, New York City.



MISS FLORENCE E. ISHAM.
Public School Teacher, Richmond, Va.
See page 36.

MISS M. EULALIA REID is a young Baltimore girl whose extraordinary vocal qualifications have excited wonder and admiration wherever heard. Gifted with a voice of unusual range, and of rare strength and beauty, Miss Reid is easily the

star at concerts whose programmes include only "the fittest." Miss Reid has lately founded a Musical Academy in Baltimore, Md., where, assisted by a well-known faculty, she teaches the most approved method of musical culture.

DECATUR, ALA.—A peculiar will contest has just ended in a verdict for the proponents, four Negro men, against a white man named James Breeding. The contest was on for eight days, and the jury took eight hours to reach a verdict.



A. B. QUETRELL.

Manager of the Greater New York Dramatic Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.

See page 37.





MRS. LINA AKLES.

A young and very popular Baltimore hostess.

A year ago William Breeding, who owned much land and other property, died. He left a will, in which he gave the bulk of his property to four sons, Negroes, all bearing his name, and their mother, a former slave. The will was contested by Breeding's brother. The property includes a thousand acres of cultivated land in North Alabama. One of the proponents is the superintendent of the colored schools in Montgomery, Ala.

Mr. CHAS. H. SMILEY is the proprietor and manager of the celebrated C. H. Smiley Catering Establishment of Chicago, Ill. It is Chicago's most extensive institution in that particular line, and Mr. Smiley is one of the greatest caterers in America. He is a man who would do credit to any race, and he is doing yeoman service in helping to solve the perplexing questions which confront Afro-American manhood.

THE Baptist National Convention which met recently in Richmond, Va., was one of the most remarkable gatherings of American Negroes that has taken place in our time. It was remarkable in the large delegation present — something like two thousand. The general intelligence, scholarly



"MR. AND MRS. C. H. SMILEY AT HOME."

ability and matchless eloquence of the delegates, as shown in their addresses and other proceedings, are accomplishments of which the entire race should be proud.— *Odd Fellows Journal*.

THE history of the Society of the Sons of Virginia at Brooklyn, N. Y., furnishes an example of steady progress. In October, 1897, the necessity for forming such an organization



ISAIAH AULBERT, ESQ.
President of the Society of The Sons of Virginia,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

became apparent to many resident Virginians in the city, of the most substantial character. A house-to-house canvass was made, a few brief conferences held, and a subsequent call issued to all male resident Virginians to meet at the residence of Mr. W. B. Jones, 168 Ryerson Street, on the evening of Oct. 13, at which time a permanent organization was effected, with Mr. Peter H. Fisher president.

The primary aim of the society is to establish a bond of friendship and union among members of the race from that

state, to assist its members when sick and helpless, and to foster business enterprises conducted by our people. The membership fee is two dollars for the present; annual dues, three dollars. Dues to members when sick, three dollars per week; and fifty dollars endowment to the heirs or assigns at the death of a member, providing said deceased member had all dues paid at the time death occurred.

Starting out three years ago unknown to the public, the society has steadily grown in membership, influence, usefulness and public favor, until today its name is a household word in the catalogue of fraternal organizations throughout the city. competing for prizes offered by other societies, the Sons have been successful in bringing home two very valuable articles; viz.,

from the Mount Calvary Commandery a handsome silver loving-cup; from the Sons of North Carolina a beautiful gavel. The society is in a healthy and flourishing condition. The annual report shows a cash balance of over five hundred dollars in bank. Besides meeting all of its demands, the organization has donated to several charitable institutions very liberally during the year. The third annual reception, which takes place at Uris Hall, 611 Fulton Street, on Nov. 22, promises to be the most elaborate in its history.

To discuss the excellent personnel of the society would take pages; suffice it to say that Mr. Peter H. Fisher, first president, served the society with distinguished ability from October, 1897, to Dec. 21, 1899, refusing a third term; and on retiring from that office the society voted him a gold medal for his faithful services. Mr. Isaiah Aulbert, who succeeded to the presidency, was born in Petersburg, Va., and took up permanent residence in this city in 1878. As a presiding officer he is stern and precise, yet just in his decisions; the constitution is his bosom friend. He is high up in Masonic orders, also a trustee and the treasurer of the Fleet Street A. M. E. Zion Church.

The complete list of officers is as follows:

Isaiah Aulbert, President.
 W. B. Jones, Vice-President.
 Arthur Durrell, Rec. Secretary.
 W. A. Wilson, Cor. Secretary.
 H. G. Geter, Fin. Secretary.
 H. A. Reed, Asst. Fin. Secretary.
 B. H. Hawkins, Treasurer.
 J. H. Sykes, Advocate.
 Gilbert Aikins, Chaplain.
 J. R. Johnson, Sergeant-at-Arms.
 J. W. Winters, Chairman Banking Committee.
 P. H. Fisher, Chairman Board of Directors.

WM. ISAAC JOHNSON, one of the most prominent undertakers of Richmond, Va., was



WM. ISAAC JOHNSON.
 A prominent business man of Richmond, Va.

born in Smithville, Va., Dec. 31, 1852. After moving to Richmond he attended school at the Second Baptist Church, taught by a Northern teacher. His education then underwent the instruction of the Richmond public schools, from which he graduated with honor in 1871; taught for a while in Powhatan



W. J. CAMRELL.

Manager Nassau Orchestral Club, Boston, Mass. See page 45.

County with success. He was appointed to the public school of Richmond as teacher, and to the Richmond post-office at the same time; resigning the teacher's position he accepted the post-office, where he made a creditable record, remaining until the election of Cleveland. He then went into the undertaking business, where he has built up an enviable patronage. Having bought out the estate known as Foushee Hall, he has had

erected upon its site a fine establishment of brick, containing halls for renting, offices, and wareroom for his many carriages. We take pleasure in pointing to him with a finger of pride, as an example of thrift, integrity and business manhood. A motto with him is: "Business first, last and always." He belongs



ALBRETA MOORE SMITH,
Chicago, Ill.

Chicago correspondent of THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE. See page 73.

to many organizations, Masons, Knights Templars and Knights of Pythias.

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THE Nassau Orchestral Club of Boston, Mass., is an organization formed five years ago. The object of the club from the start has been the study of the higher grades of orchestral music. In this work they have succeeded to the extent of being able to render in public, compositions by Wagner, Mendelssohn,

Rubinstein, Verdi and others. Several members of the club are students at the New England Conservatory of Music, and

are teachers of their several instruments. The majority of the young musicians now playing in orchestras in Boston and suburban towns have at some time been members of this club. Their first knowledge of orchestral playing was under the baton of the late Prof. Frederic E. Lewis, one of the best colored musicians known. Their rehearsals are held fortnightly. During the winter season concerts, musicales and dances are given by the organization.



REV. GEORGE E. STEVENS,  
Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church,  
Boston, Mass. See page 25.

THE striking calamity which befell the inhabitants of Gal-

veston, Texas, is well known to our readers. The direful effects of the flood will possibly never be effaced. Recognizing the hand of Providence, yet we regret the death of Rev. Thos. W. Cain and wife, the first and only colored clergyman to represent a diocese in general convention.

A NEGRO SAMPSON.—Louis Yett, a coal-black Negro, is the most noted man in all Texas for manly strength and human endurance. He is thirty years of age, and weighs three hundred pounds. He can take a full keg of beer and throw it up in the air with one hand and catch it with the other. He can take up a railroad bar in each hand and walk two steps with them. He can lift a dining-table with a man sitting on it, with his teeth. Yett is afraid of no living being save his ninety-pound wife, who can boss him about like a private at a drill. He is a perfect specimen of physical humanity.

THE LILLIPUTIAN QUINTET.—There are *Smiths* and *more Smiths*, but here is a family of Smiths who are singers, from father all through the family.

This quintet is composed of Mr. Wm. B. Smith, instructor, who sings bass, with his midget quintet. He is an accomplished musician, playing the clarinet and piccolo with ease and technique, and handling many difficult numbers, assisted by his able accompanist, Mr. C. H. Jones of Manchester, Va., who is an artist upon the tuba, piano and guitar. Mr. Smith is the assistant chorister of the renowned vested choir of St. Phillips P. E. Church, Rev. Alex. G. McGuire, pastor.

The other members of the quintet are Masters Samuel Smith, tenor, age fourteen years; Alex. Smith, baritone, age twelve years; Misses Marion Smith, soprano, age ten years; Mary Smith, contralto, age eight years. They handle many difficult pieces with an easy freedom of execution.

MR. HARRY T. PRATT is one of Baltimore's most versatile and highly cultured young men. He is fortunate in the possession of gifts seldom combined in one person. Mr. Pratt is not only a talented musician, but is an artist of no mean ability. His fame as a violinist is not confined to his native heath; and among competent judges it is conceded that Mr. Pratt is one of the best amateur performers in the country. He was educated in the public schools of Baltimore, from which he graduated with honor in 1894, and in 1895 he graduated from Maryland Institute School of Art and Design, being the first, and with one exception, the only, colored graduate that has come from that exclusive school. While there his work



MR. HARRY T. PRATT,  
Baltimore, Md.



GEN. ANTONIO MACEO,  
The Cuban Martyr. See page 51.

was so superior, that he was one of only two graduates who received "honorable mention" on the occasion of the commencement exercises. Mr. Pratt is one of Baltimore's most competent public school teachers.

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THE essay on Character read by Miss Carrie M. Oliver before the Hypatia Club of Summit, N. J., recently, is deserving of more than passing notice, in that it strikes at the root of the subject from an individual standpoint. The speaker said: "Too many persons are content to live a zigzag, haphazard life, because their parents possessed a high moral character. It is not your mother's or father's character that will give you standing in the community, or make you a highly respected man or woman; it is what you really are yourself, and not what people may think of you. The outside of an apple may look sound and yet be false at the core. Good parents are a blessing; therefore we should strive the more to honor them and to make our lives and work felt for good in the community in which we live." Miss Oliver closed with the following poem:

We are building in sorrow or joy,  
A temple the world may not see,  
Which time cannot mar nor destroy;  
We build for eternity.

Every thought that we've ever had,  
Its own little place has filled;  
Every deed we've done, good or bad,  
Is a stone in the temple we build.

Every word that so lightly falls,  
Giving some heart joy or pain,  
Will shine in our temple walls,  
Or ever their beauty stain.

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BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, president of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute for Negroes, announces that officials of the German government have closed a contract with his school to furnish students to introduce cotton raising among the natives in the German colony on the west coast of Africa. On Nov. 3 a party of students, equipped with cotton plows, wagons



and carpenter tools, will sail for the new fields. The Germans will pay all expenses of the expedition. The expedition is regarded as the beginning of a new competition with America in the cotton-raising industry.

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PROTEST OF NEGRO CLERGY.—The North Ohio African Methodist Episcopal conference at Oxford has adopted a report declaring that the church and education have failed in their efforts to solve the Negro problem, and that the race is confronted by a menacing growth of prejudice and violence. The report was adopted after a sharp debate, in which the most eminent Negro educators and clergy of the Middle West took part. Rev. Charles Bunday of Cleveland, Chairman of the Committee on the State of the Church and the Negro, wrote the report. It said, among other things:

“Riots are becoming more numerous and bloody. They are no longer confined to the region of the Negro and former bondage, but disgrace the states of Ohio, Illinois and New York, where, since the Civil War, the Negro has been heretofore secure in his rights. We find to our sorrow that prejudice toward the Negro is increasing to an alarming degree.”

President Johns of Wilberforce University asserted that the Negro is being made a victim of a national conspiracy, and that his only hope is in immediate moral and intellectual education. Bishop Abraham Grant of Indiana said the Negro was strong enough to protect himself, but he must be made to realize and use his strength.

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NEGROES AS LAND OWNERS.—The Negroes now own one-twenty-sixth of all the land in Virginia. They own one-sixteenth of all the land in Virginia east of the Blue Ridge; one-tenth of all the land in twenty-five counties in the state; one-seventh of Middlesex county; one-sixth of Hanover county and one-third of Charles City county.

The Negroes of Virginia are acquiring land at the rate of about fifty thousand acres a year. Their real estate holdings would appear much larger if there were added the farms for which they have contracted, upon which they are making payments, but have not received the title.—*Richmond Dispatch*.

**MAJOR-GENERAL ANTONIO MACEO.***The Idol of Cuba and the Cuban Insurgents.*

S. E. F. C. C. HAMEDOE, A PROF. F. G. S. I.

PROBABLY the first conspiracy to form a revolution in Cuba was by the Negro Aponte and his associates in the year 1812. It caused considerable alarm to the landed proprietors, but was soon quelled, and the offenders treated with unsparing severity, because the revolution in Hayti was fresh in their minds, and they had no desire to witness a repetition in the fairest and most beautiful island in the world. Everything was kept quiet until 1823, when a secret association known as the Sales de Bolivar was formed, with the intention of forming a Cuban republic. The patriots, of whom a great many were Negroes, were arrested, some garroted, some imprisoned, and some few escaped, thus preserving their freedom. They were foiled again a year later in their attempt to form another; but in 1830 the refugees and exiles that had fled and been banished to Mexico and Columbia formed another society, known as the Black Eagle, to continue the good work. But the slave-traders and planters of the United States worked hard, and in assisting the Cuban Vigilance Committee rendered the movement abortive from the first, and the military commission made short work of the trials. But the Captain-General refrained from inflicting the death penalty; in every case their sentences were mitigated. In 1851 Lopez was garroted for his pains in trying to free Cuba. But the blood of the Revolutionists cried out from the soil until 1860-68, when it suddenly dawned upon the Captain-General that Manuel Quesada had an army of 26,000 men. Antonio Maceo and his brother José were commanders in this army, and with the ingenuity of Antonio Maceo, Quesada was able to drive the Spanish army of 110,000 men from one part of the island; and if it had not been for the excellent work of the Spanish navy, the Cubans would have dictated their own terms of peace, and instead of the blood-stained standard of Carlos Quinto, the Lone Star would have floated

over Morro. The Cubans kept up a harassing state of excitement until 1878, when the war ended, and better terms were promised than fulfilled. The failure to fulfill those pledges has cost more than a million of lives and millions of dollars. When Martinos Campos had concluded the peace negotiations he cabled this message to Senor Sagasta, the prime minister of Spain: "It is impossible to learn any particulars from the enemy's camp in Santiago, for the region is commanded by Antonio Maceo, formerly a mule-driver, but now a general. This man has much ambition; he is very courageous, has an incredible amount of prestige, and under an outward appearance of mediocrity he hides rare military talent." The American newspapers in 1895 tried to claim that the Revolution was a race war, but it was plainly shown by El Sr. Dn. Morua Delgado, editor del Periodico, "La Nueva Era" that more whites than blacks were in the field at that time. General Moncada had El Senor Pontuondo, Cuba's most prominent lawyer, to place himself and forty of the most aristocratic white Cubans under his command. Nine-tenths of his regiments were whites. Here is a list of colored Cuban officers at the death of Marti: Major-General Antonio Maceo, General José Maceo, Quintin, Bandera, Alfonso, Goulet, Felix Ruen. Second division: General José Rabi, Jesus-Rabi Juan Vega. At one time 4,000 of the whites of District No. 1 asked the president as a special favor to be placed under General Maceo's command, and I think this is clear enough to show you that no color line existed in Cuba before the American occupation. No people like to fight the Negro soldier; American history can show you his valor. General Weyler and his cabinet met and decided to raise black troops to fight against Maceo's command, and commissioned one General Eusebio Puello, and he was more of a terror to the Cubans than the Spanish soldiers. He remarked: "I feel safe until I run up against Maceo; he is like a live coal, hard to hold." The Negro has lost much blood for Cuban independence; they began the first revolutions; and when the Lone Star is no more, in Cuba will be found the bones of the Negroes who took part in the uprisings of 1812-20-95-6

in the Yorkists-Anilleros, 23, the Sales de Boliva, the Black Eagle of 50-51, the unsuccessful invasion of Narcisco Lopez at Cardenas Bahia Honda, with the uprisings of Juan Aguero, Isidoro Armenteros, and many others. In Puerto Principe, Trinidad, and Bayomayo in 1854, the conspiracy of Pinto, of the upheaval from 68 to 95. We have the co-operation of Zenitez Peralta, Guillermo Moncado, Los Maceo hermanos, Calixta Garcia, Limbano Sanchez, the Sartorious brothers and others, "Mais a Propos." El General Antonio Maceo was born in 1843; he was a mulatto, and began to earn his livelihood as a mule-driver with his brothers in the same province. The entire Maceo family has been swept away as if by a cyclone, by the Spanish army; after he lost his father at the hand of Spain, the three brothers swore over his dead body to never sheathe their machetes until Cuba was free or all were dead. They have perished one by one on the field of battle, and the last and noblest of them all was betrayed and shot like a dog under a flag of truce. He was perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the rebellions of 68-78, and the most distinguished member of the commander-in-chief's staff, Gomez, and was in command of a large army in the Orient at the time of his death. He owned a large plantation, and worked a large plantation in the province of Santiago de Cuba. When the war of 1878 ended General Maceo traveled in Mexico, America Central, and tried to raise troops to invade Cuba and end Spanish sovereignty. He did not succeed, however, but he did not despair. When the last rebellion began he was in Florida, and joined a large expedition which left the Port Limon on the steamship "Adirondack." When the vessel was approaching the Cuban coast she was chased by a Spanish man-of-war for eight hours, and was obliged to land on Fortune Island, one of the British West Indies. He did not remain long here, however; his friends helped him to escape to Cuba; he was gladly welcomed back, after many hair-breadth escapes from the numerous Spanish garrisons it was necessary to elude. He was placed in command of seven thousand troops, to hold the Santiago province until he could affect a junction with Gomez; many have said it

was his intrepidity that caused his untimely death; and as he had felt the weight of twenty-eight wounds he was supposed to have borne a charmed life. Guided by this idea he yielded to an armistice to meet Cirujeda's staff, and was shot under a flag of truce in December, 1895. The Spanish stripped him of his jewelry, tied his body to a horse's tail, and began to retreat across the trocha; the few Cubans there rallied, regained the body of their general, and a handful of Cuban officers buried him, and swore to keep their secret until Cuba was free; then his body should be placed in a triumphal funeral car, and enter Havana even as Napoleon did Paris many years after. I hope their dream may be realized; but will it? This man has made for his family a history that many of the grandes of Spain to-day covet; and when there is a new Spain, the name of this Negro mule-driver, hostler, farmer, general, will shine above all of the Spaniards of the nineteenth century. Many of the Spanish beauties sent their photos, with small bits of poetry on the back; others sent petite billets-doux to cheer him in Cuba's cause. General Weyler banished some of the Spaniards, on the charge that they were favorable to Cuba's cause; and his officers who wore handsome uniforms, and had gained their laurels by sitting under mango trees in Manilla, remarked: "If this continues we must really fight or lose our sweethearts. Everybody loves a brave man, and his bravery is what has gained their hearts." General Maceo was a strikingly handsome man, tall, broad-shouldered, about forty-seven years old. He had taken part in every battle of any note since 1860, and was twenty-eight times wounded, yet he never flinched, and led his troops at one time to the very gates of Havana. Many people never knew he was a Negro, and gave his life and all for *Cuba Libre*, even as the Negro Crispus Attucks gave his — the hero of State Street. He was a man with a purpose, and kept that purpose in view until he was taken, we hope, to a better world. Thus ended the life of the greatest hero of the nineteenth century.



## THE STRESS OF IMPULSE.

MAITLAND LEROY OSBORNE.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XI.

ROGER DOLLOFF, a detective, while journeying to San Francisco to investigate the robbery of the Third National Bank, meets with serious injury in the wreck of the Overland Limited, and is nursed back to health by Marie Chartier, a passenger on the same train. He falls in love with, and marries her, and they resume the interrupted journey. The cashier, who has robbed the bank, fears betrayal by his accomplice and secretly and in disguise embarks on a sailing vessel bound for Panama. While Dolloff is conferring with the president of the bank, Marie is confronted by a man at their hotel, and faints from the shock of recognition. It is James Fairfax, her husband, whom she had believed dead when she married Dolloff. He is a gambler and worse, and importunes her to cast in her lot with him again, a proposition which she scorns. Dolloff, entering the hotel as Fairfax leaves it, recognizes the latter, and having his suspicions aroused by this chance meeting with one whom he knows to be a rogue, soon establishes the fact that he had a hand in the bank robbery. Dolloff goes to South America in pursuit of the fleeing cashier, and stumbles upon his camping-place in the forest. In Dolloff's absence Marie is abducted by Fairfax. Dolloff captures the cashier, and on his return learns of Marie's disappearance, and that she is the wife of Fairfax. He follows them to Georgia and locates them in the company of a band of moonshiners, whose apprehension he brings about, only to find that Fairfax and Marie have disappeared.

## CHAPTER XII.

MAGGIE's restraining touch and low-spoken word of warning recalled Dolloff to a realizing sense of the danger of his position, and the utter uselessness of attempting single-handed to interfere between Fairfax and Marie. He turned away, inwardly raging at the position in which he was placed, and followed Maggie's guidance down the mountain side, and an hour later was seated at supper in the cabin.

On the appointed day the Colonel appeared with his buckboard, and Dolloff, to the crudely expressed but apparently sincere regret of his hosts, departed. On his arrival at the settlement he announced that he must start for the North at once, deploring the necessity that called him from such a delightful spot.

When the stage bearing him from view had disappeared, leaving in its wake a trail of dust like the smoke from a hull-down ocean racer, the Colonel sought his favorite seat upon the porch, and sighed deeply at the thought of the cigars he had been smoking at Dolloff's expense—the like of which he would never see again.

One short week later a thunderbolt fell on Chilhowee, when it became noised abroad that a strong force of revenue officers,

under the leadership of Bob Reno and "the stranger," had swooped down on the still on Old Baldy, captured the surprised moonshiners after a short struggle, and borne them off to durance vile in the county jail.

But the importance of the capture counted as nothing in Dolloff's eyes, when he found that the one for whom he had laid the snare had escaped. Fairfax and Marie had vanished in the meantime, and there was left for him nothing but to return to New York and pick up the broken threads of his former existence.

For the month that followed his arrival there he had nothing to do; then upon a certain morning the papers had flaring headlines announcing a bold diamond robbery. At police headquarters all was bustle and repressed excitement. The chief looked worried, and divided his time between the telephone receiver at his elbow and the reports of the blue-coated guardians of the peace, who came in at short intervals. Special men in plain clothes were watching every avenue of escape from the great city. The depots, the ferries, the docks of outgoing steamers, and the stations of the elevated were all under surveillance.

Dolloff, in his room in a quiet house on Fourth Avenue, was awakened from his early morning nap by an impatient rapping at his door. Hastily opening it he admitted a messenger from headquarters, who informed him that the chief wished to see him at once. He dressed hurriedly, and without stopping for breakfast, made his way down town.

Mrs. Godfrey Morgan, a widow, and one of the richest women in New York, had attended a grand reception the evening before. She was the possessor of a remarkably beautiful and costly collection of precious gems, and on this occasion her hair, her neck and her beautiful arms shone resplendently with glittering diamonds. At twelve o'clock she had entered her carriage to be driven home, with her diamonds safely locked in her jewel-case, which lay on the seat beside her. As her carriage turned into the avenue a cab, driven at a rapid rate, came up behind, exempted to pass, and turning too short, locked wheels with the carriage. The driver of the cab, with profuse apologies for

the accident, quickly jumped down from his seat to ascertain if any damage had been done. The wheels were so firmly locked that he could not separate them unaided, and Mrs. Morgan's coachman, with dignified displeasure on his countenance, also descended to assist. Hardly had his foot touched the ground when a muscular arm tightly encircled his neck, and a chloroform-laden sponge was clapped to his nostrils. Mrs. Morgan, putting out her head to querulously inquire what the trouble was, received the same unceremonious treatment, and dropped back on the seat blissfully unconscious of the occurrences of the next hour or so. The cab-driver quickly clambered to his seat, gathered up his reins, and turning into a side street disappeared, Mrs. Morgan's coachman meanwhile lying in a tumbled heap in the bottom of the cab. Another man mounted the seat of the Morgan carriage, and drove sedately down the avenue. The whole affair had occupied perhaps two minutes, and no outcry had been made. Presently the Morgan carriage turned down a side street and drew up to the curb for a moment, while a man stepped out with a black oblong package under one arm, and walked rapidly away. Then the carriage went on, and Mrs. Godfrey Morgan was poorer to the extent of something like \$50,000 worth of gems.

An hour later a policeman, while passing along his beat, noticed a carriage standing by the curb with no driver in sight. Opening the door he looked in upon Mrs. Morgan, reposing in a most undignified heap upon the cushions. The chloroform-soaked sponge in the bottom of the carriage told part of the story to his experienced eye; the rest he learned when he had driven the carriage to the station and its occupant had been resuscitated — and New York had its sensation with the morning coffee.

Dolloff, closeted with the chief of the detective bureau shortly after daylight, learned these particulars, and also that he was wanted to work upon the case.

"Mrs. Morgan," said the chief, "is completely prostrated, but wishes the case put in the hands of a competent detective at once, and will go to any expense necessary to recover the

gems, many of which are heirlooms. You can probably see her this afternoon, but I doubt if she can tell you anything beyond the information I have already given you. In the meantime, here is a correct list and description of the gems and their settings, and you can see the servants at any time. The coachman is still at the hospital. He was found in an alleyway down by the Battery at four o'clock. The thing was evidently carefully planned by someone who had learned Mrs. Morgan's ways. The police are doing what they can, but I doubt if they can lay their hands on the gems. The robbers had nearly two hours start before the alarm was given, and have probably scattered and gotten safely under cover. They will most likely lay covered for a few weeks, then take the jewels to the continent, unmount them, melt up the settings, have the stones recut in Amsterdam, and attempt to dispose of them in Paris or London. I think the surest way will be to watch for them on the other side. The 'Majestic' sails the first of next week. You had better engage passage, and make your headquarters at Liverpool until we can cable you something definite."

It was in this wise that Dolloff found himself scheduled for an ocean voyage and a stay of indefinite length upon the continent. In his existing state of mind he welcomed the change of scene gladly, and when he leaned over the rail of the "Majestic" a few days later, and watched New York harbor disappearing in the distance, he felt a certain satisfaction as he looked upon the blue waves that rolled between him and his troubles.

### CHAPTER XIII.

ABOUT a table in a dingy room of a New York tenement in the down-town section sat three men, talking at intervals in low tones. The room was illy lighted by the rays of a flaring kerosene lamp, and on the table stood a tall black bottle flanked by four dubious-looking glasses. By their actions and conversation it seemed that they were awaiting the appearance of a fourth party, and as the minutes slowly passed they grew visibly uneasy. At length one of the trio, a most villainous-looking fellow, drew the bottle towards him, and filling one of the glasses slowly drained it and set it down with a muttered curse.

At that moment a quick rap was heard at the door, and it swung open to admit a fourth man, who carefully closed it behind him and turned the key in the lock.

One of the men at the table looked at him with a scowl and said in ill-natured tones: "A devilish pretty time you've kept us waiting, Fairfax. You agreed to be here an hour ago."

The newcomer, after glancing nervously about the room, took a seat at the table, and as he poured himself a drink from the bottle made answer: "And so I would have been, only I have spent the last hour in trying to shake off someone who has been following me. Just now, if he hasn't got tired of the game, he's cooling his heels in front of Burke's saloon, waiting for me to come out. I went in there, got the crowd between me and the front door, gave Burke the wink, and he let me through the cellar and out the back way. And now for business," drawing an oblong package from concealment beneath his coat, and placing it on the table. "You're sure this place is safe?"

"Dead sure," responded one. "Scotty's on the outside, and he'll warn us if any danger shows up"; whereupon the newcomer removed the covering from the package, disclosing a black leather jewel-case. A chorus of deep-drawn breaths greeted his opening of the case, wherein lay on a bed of plush a necklace of sparkling diamonds, and many smaller ornaments. Fairfax held up the necklace for a moment, till the glowing gems seemed to fill the sordid room with light. Then he laid it upon the table.

"It seems a pity," said he with a half sigh, "to destroy that beautiful setting, but it must be done."

With that one of the other men produced several delicate tools from his pocket, and with deft fingers set about removing the diamonds from their setting. The stones of the necklace having been removed the smaller ornaments were served in like manner, the diamonds being dropped into a chamois bag and the gold piled in a little heap. During the whole operation, which took perhaps half an hour, hardly a word was spoken, every eye being fixed covetously on the sparkling pebbles, and every face distorted by the lust of greed.



When the last diamond had been dropped in the bag Fairfax placed it carefully in an inner pocket, and drawing the bottle toward him filled a glass and held it aloft, saying: "Here's to success in disposing of the sparklers." The other three silently joined in the toast, and Fairfax buttoned his coat tightly about him and left the room and the building.

When he emerged on the sidewalk he gave a quick, sharp glance about him, and seeing nothing to arouse a suspicion of being followed, set off briskly in the direction of Broadway.

A moment later a keen-eyed, sharp-faced man stepped from the shelter of a nearby doorway and followed after, keeping a certain distance between himself and the man he was following. At every corner Fairfax glanced covertly over his shoulder, but the sleuth, seemingly divining the proper instant for concealment, would drop behind another pedestrian or into a convenient doorway, and so remained unobserved by his quarry.

In this manner the chase continued for some distance, till at last Fairfax turned off on to Fourth Avenue, and ascending an elevated station, boarded an uptown train. When the sleuth divined his purpose he increased his own pace almost to a run, but blocked for a moment by a jam at the gateway, reached the platform only in time to have the gates slammed in his face, and see the train bearing the man he was pursuing disappear up the track.

A week later a cab drove down to the dock of the trans-Atlantic liner "America," a few moments before the sailing of that craft, and a middle-aged, benevolent-appearing gentleman, apparently an Episcopal minister, stepped out and passed up the gang-plank. Evidently he was near-sighted, judging from the way in which he peered about through his gold-bound spectacles; at least, he seemed not to observe a sharp-faced individual who stood where he could scrutinize everyone who boarded the vessel. On reaching the deck he sought out a steward and asked to be shown to his stateroom.

When the door had been safely bolted the clerical gentleman removed his spectacles, disclosing a pair of remarkably keen eyes — so keen, indeed, that it seemed strange he should

need artificial aid to sight — and presently, opening his hand-bag, produced a flask of generous dimensions, and after holding it critically to the light, allowed a goodly portion of its contents to flow down his throat. Having in this manner provided against seasickness, he carefully felt of a little chamois bag filled with some hard substances that reposed in an inside pocket, and having lighted a delightfully fragrant cigar, reclined upon his berth and gave himself up to meditation, which, judging from the expression of satisfaction on his face, was far from displeasing.

A few minutes later the warning bell rang, a fussy little tug began butting away at the "America's" bow, and the stately craft had started upon her voyage.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

ON a drearily dismal morning Dolloff found himself in Liverpool, reading the American news in the morning *Times* over his bacon and eggs in a dingy coffee-house.

Three weeks of wearying inaction followed, and then came the message he had been awaiting. The cablegram was in cipher, and the translation read:

"James Fairfax believed to have sailed on 'America,' disguised as Episcopal minister, with stones in his possession."

Up to this time Dolloff had not harbored the slightest suspicion that Fairfax was in any way connected with the diamond robbery, and was correspondingly amazed by the information the message conveyed. Nevertheless, he experienced a certain savage satisfaction in the thought that once again he was to pit his cunning against that of Fairfax, and grimly resolved that this time he should not escape.

The message had contained no mention of his having a companion, and Dolloff, quickly grasping this fact, passed many bitter and unprofitable hours during the interim before the vessel's scheduled time of arrival, in vain speculation as to her present fate.

When the "America" swung slowly around and slid gently up to her berth, Dolloff was waiting on the pier, with every sense alert, in readiness to closely scrutinize each of the passengers as

they slowly passed down the gang-plank and were swallowed up in the pushing, shouting throng of cabbies, hotel runners and waiting friends.

But look as sharply as he might, no person answering the description given in the cablegram passed down the gang-plank, and when the last passenger had left the vessel he went on board and sought out a steward. A modest tip refreshed that worthy's memory to such good purpose that Dolloff soon had opportunity of inspecting the stateroom occupied during the voyage by the clerical gentleman, but not the slightest trace of his presence remained. Evidently he had anticipated surveillance at the end of the voyage, and had taken steps to avoid it.

Dolloff had felt confident that he would recognize Fairfax under any disguise that he might assume, and was correspondingly cast down by the knowledge that he had again, for the time at least, escaped. Had he been present an hour earlier in the corridor upon which the quondam minister's stateroom opened, he might have seen emerge therefrom a cockney of the most pronounced "sporty" type, who mingled with the second-cabin passengers, and went ashore with the utmost nonchalance in due season.

Fairfax had before now found it convenient to reside for a time in England, and with the knowledge thus gained at his disposal, experienced no difficulty in assuming the disguise that had baffled Dolloff. The latter, after assuring himself that Fairfax had really left the vessel, sought a quiet coffee-house nearby, and retiring to a quiet corner, over a cigar deliberated as to what course he should pursue; and when he had smoked the cigar to the end, rose with a well-defined plan outlined in his mind. Fairfax, to be sure, had the continent to choose from; but, barring unforeseen contingencies, he would in all likelihood choose some one of a certain limited number of cities as his base of operations while endeavoring to dispose of the jewels. Having eliminated the obviously unlikely places, it remained for Dolloff to begin his search at the point that would be most favorable for the prosecution of such an enterprise as Fairfax was embarked upon.

During his three weeks' wait in Liverpool Dolloff had hobnobbed with certain fellow members of his craft to such good purpose that he had acquired a fairly accurate theoretical knowledge of the haunts of criminals of Fairfax's stamp upon the continent, and this knowledge he now resolved to put to practical test. As the first step in his plan of campaign he took the night mail to London, and on his arrival there proceeded to enlist the assistance of the Bow Street officials. Though it might have appeared to the uninitiated a forlorn hope, the accuracy of Dolloff's judgment was sustained — in part at least. In the criminal world there exists a society with limits as well defined as of that one occupying a higher social grade, and through the subtle freemasonry of this society the accession of a new member is soon known to all the rest. And in all criminal communities are to be found men — and women — who, in consideration of a certain degree of immunity from molestation, stand ready to afford the guardians of the public morals much valuable information.

It was through this means that Dolloff, in the course of a few days, was put in possession of the knowledge that Fairfax was in London, but to discover his exact whereabouts proved a more difficult matter. He had appeared in certain localities frequented by his kind, enjoyed a brief season of sociability, and disappeared.

He still, as Dolloff was informed, adhered to the disguise he had assumed before leaving the vessel, and as yet had apparently made no effort to dispose of the diamonds.

By day and night Dolloff haunted such localities as he conceived Fairfax might appear in, and grew thin and haggard under the loss of sleep and the intense nervous strain.

Evidently Fairfax surmised that he was being hunted, for after the game of hide-and-seek had consumed a week's time he slipped quietly away to Amsterdam, and his departure would have gone unnoticed but for a fortunate accident. As it was, two days had elapsed before Dolloff learned of his flitting, and followed after.

*[To be continued.]*

## A RETROSPECT OF THE PAST.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is a selection from the new book "Contending Forces,"\* by Pauline E. Hopkins. It will give our readers a clear idea of the beginning of this most interesting romance of colored life, North and South.]

IN the early part of the year 1800 the agitation of the inhabitants of Great Britain over the increasing horrors of the slave trade carried on in the West Indian possessions of the Empire was about reaching a climax. Every day the terrible things done to slaves were becoming public talk, until the best English humanitarians, searching for light upon the subject, became sick at heart over the discoveries that they made, and were led to declare the principle: "The air of England is too pure for any slave to breathe."

To go back a little way in the romantic history of the emancipation of the slaves in the islands will not take much time, and will, I hope, be as instructive as interesting. Tales of the abuses of the slaves, with all the sickening details, had reached the Quaker community as early as 1783, and that tender-hearted people looked about themselves to see what steps they could take to ameliorate the condition of the Negroes in the West Indies, and to discourage the continuation of the trade along the African coast.

Thomas Clarkson, a student at Cambridge, was drawn into writing a prize essay on the subject, and became so interested that he allied himself with the Quakers and investigated the subject for himself, thereby confirming his own belief, "that Providence had never made that to be wise that was immoral; and that the slave trade was as impolitic as it was unjust."

After strenuous efforts by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, Parliament became interested, and instituted an inquiry into the abuses of the slave trade. Finally Mr. Wilberforce was drawn into the controversy, and for sixteen years waged an incessant warfare against the planters, meeting with defeat in his plans for ten consecutive years; but finally, in 1807, he was successful, and the slave trade was abolished.

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These assailants of the slave trade had promised not to try to abolish slavery; but in a short time they learned that the trade was still carried on in ships sailing under the protection of false flags. Tales of the cruelties practised upon the helpless chattels were continually reaching the ears of the British public, some of them such as to sicken the most cold-hearted and indifferent. For instance: causing a child to whip his mother until the blood ran; if a slave looked his master in the face, his limbs were broken; women in the first stages of their accouchement, upon refusing to work, were placed in the treadmill, where terrible things happened, too dreadful to relate.

Through the efforts of Granville Sharpe, the chairman of the London committee, Lord Stanley, minister of the colonies, introduced into the House of Commons his bill for emancipation.

Lord Stanley's bill proposed *gradual* emancipation, and was the best thing those men of wisdom could devise. Earnestly devoted to their task, they sought to wipe from the fair escutcheon of the Empire the awful blot which was upon it. By the adoption of the bill Great Britain not only liberated a people from the cruelties of their masters, but at the same time took an important step forward in the onward march of progress, which the most enlightened nations are unconsciously forced to make by the great law of advancement; "for the civility of no race can be perfect whilst another race is degraded."

In this bill of *gradual* emancipation certain conditions were proposed. All slaves were entitled to be known as apprenticed laborers, and to acquire thereby all the rights and privileges of freemen. "These conditions were that predials should owe three-fourths of the profits of their labors to their masters for six years, and the non-predials for four years. The other fourth of the apprentice's time was to be his own, which he might sell to his master or to other persons; and at the end of the term of years fixed he should be free."

In the winter of 1790, when these important changes in the life of the Negro in the West Indies were pending, many planters were following the course of events with great anxiety.

Many feared that in the end their slaves would be taken from them without recompense, and thereby render them and their families destitute. Among these planters was the family of Charles Montfort, of the island of Bermuda.

Bermuda's fifteen square miles of area lies six hundred miles from the nearest American coast. Delightful is this land, formed from coral reefs, flat and fertile, which to this eye appears as but a pin-point upon the ocean's broad bosom, one of a "thousand islands in a tropic sea."

Once Bermuda was second only to Virginia in its importance as a British colony; once it held the carrying trade of the New World; once was known as the "Gibraltar of the Atlantic," although its history has been that of a simple and peaceful people. Its importance to the mother country as a military and naval station has drawn the paternal bonds of interest closer as the years have flown by. Indeed, Great Britain has been kind to the colonists of this favored island from its infancy, sheltering and shielding them so carefully that the iron hand of the master has never shown beneath the velvet glove. So Bermuda has always been intensely British,—intensely loyal. Today, at the beginning of the new century, Bermuda presents itself, outside of its importance as a military station for a great power, as a vast sanatorium for the benefit of invalids. A temperate climate, limpid rivers, the balmy fragrance and freshness of the air, no winter,—nature changing only in the tints of its foliage,—have contributed to its renown as a health-giving region; and thus Shakespeare's magic island of Prospero and Miranda has become, indeed, to the traveler

The spot of earth uncurs'd,  
To show how all things were created first.

Mr. Montfort was the owner of about seven hundred slaves. He was well known as an exporter of tobacco, sugar, coffee, onions and other products so easily grown in that salubrious climate, from which he received large returns. — He was neither a cruel man nor an avaricious one; but like all men in commercial life, or traders doing business in their own productions, he lost sight of the individual right or wrong of the matter; or

we might say with more truth, that he perverted right to be what was conducive to his own interests, and felt that by owning slaves he did no man a wrong, since it was the common practice of those all about him, and he had been accustomed to this peculiar institution all his life.

Indeed, slavery never reached its lowest depths in this beautiful island; but a desire for England's honor and greatness had become a passion with the inhabitants, and restrained the planters from committing the ferocious acts of brutality so commonly practiced by the Spaniards. In many cases African blood had become diluted by amalgamation with the higher race, and many of these "colored" people became rich planters or business men themselves, owning slaves through the favors heaped upon them by their white parents. This being the case, there might even have been a strain of African blood polluting the fair stream of Montfort's vitality, or even his wife's, which act would not have caused him one instant's uneasiness. Moreover, he was a good master, and felt that while he housed his slaves well, fed them with the best of food suited to their occupations and the climate, and did not cruelly beat them, they fared better with him than they would have with another, perhaps, or even if they held property themselves.

The speeches of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke and others, together with the general trend of public sentiment as expressed through the medium of the British press, had now begun to make an impression upon some of the more humane of the planters on this island, and among them was Mr. Montfort. Uneasiness now took the place of his former security; thought would obtrude itself upon him, and in the quiet hours of the night this man fought out the battle which conscience waged within him; and right prevailed to the extent of his deciding that he would free his slaves, but in his own way. He determined to leave Bermuda, and after settling in some other land he would gradually free his slaves without impoverishing himself; bestow on each one a piece of land, and finally, with easy conscience, he would retire to England, and there lead the happy life of an English gentleman of fortune.

With this end in view, being a man of affairs and well acquainted with the whole of the American continent, he naturally turned his eyes towards the United States where the institution flourished, and the people had not yet actually awakened to the folly and wickedness exemplified in the enslavement of their fellow-beings. For reasons which were never known, he finally made choice of Newberne, N. C., for a home.

Sunday was and is the high holiday in all tropical climes. On that day the slave forgot his bonds. It was noon; the early service of the Church of England was ended. The clergyman of the parish had accompanied Charles Montfort home. Mrs. Montfort was visiting friends, so the two gentlemen dined alone. The clergyman was rather glad that he had the opportunity of seeing Mr. Montfort alone, and had used all his powers of persuasion to turn him from his proposed exodus. It was of no avail, as the good man soon found, and with a sigh he finally took his hat and prepared to leave. Both stood outside the house upon the broad walk beneath the shade of the fragrant cedars and the fruitful tamarind trees. The silence of deep feeling was between these two men. The clergyman could only remember the reverence he had always received, and the loving service given him by this family. Montfort thought with pain of the holy ministrations of this silver-haired man, who had pronounced the solemn words that bound him to his gentle wife, had baptized his children, and (tenderest act of all) had buried the little daughter whose grave was yonder, beneath the flowering trees in the churchyard. Yes, it was sad to part and leave all these tender ties of friendship behind.

"The bishop will come himself, Charles, to persuade you that this is a dangerous step you are about to take," finally the good man said, breaking the silence.

"Why dangerous? Is it any more so for me than for those who left England to build a home here in the wilderness?"

"Different, very different. The mother hand was still over them, even in these wilds. Out there," and he pointed in the direction of the bay, "they tell me that for all their boasted freedom, the liberty of England is not found, and human life is

held cheaply in the eyes of men who are mere outlaws. Ah! but the bishop," he continued with a sigh, "he can tell you; he has seen; he is not a weak old man like me. He will talk you out of this plan of *séparation* from all your friends."

Again silence fell upon them. In the direction of the Square a crowd of slaves were enjoying the time of idleness. Men were dancing with men, and women with women, to the strange, monotonous music of drums without tune, relics of the tomtom in the wild African life which haunted them in dreamland. Still, there was pleasure for even a cultivated musical ear in the peculiar variation of the rhythm. The scanty raiment of gay-colored cotton stuffs set off the varied complexions,—yellow, bronze, white,—the flashing eyes, the gleaming teeth, and gave infinite variety to the scene. Over there, waterfalls fell in the sunlight in silvery waves; parti-colored butterflies of vivid coloring, and humming-birds flashed through the air with electrical radiance; gay parrakeets swung and chattered from the branches of the trees.

"Where, my son," said the clergyman, indicating the landscape with a wave of his hand, "will you find a scene more beautiful than this? How can you leave it and those who love you and yours?"

"Beautiful, indeed, and I will confess that it grows dearer as the time for my departure draws near," answered Montfort. "I will walk with you," he continued, as the clergyman turned in the direction of the road. As they passed through the wide entrance gates, a Negro woman was weeding her little garden; her pickaninny was astride her back, spurring his mother as a rider his horse. The woman and the child looked up and smiled at the master and his guest, and the woman put the child on the ground and stood upright to bob a queer little courtesy. They walked along in silence until they reached the plaza.

"My son, will you not be persuaded?"

"Father, I have made up my mind firmly, after due consideration. I believe it is for the best."

They paused a moment at the Square; then the holy man



said solemnly, as he raised his hand in benediction: "If it then be for the best, which God grant it may be, I pray the good Father of us all to keep you in safety and in perfect peace." He turned and disappeared in the crowd.

Charles Montfort was immediately surrounded by his friends, who greeted him joyously, for he was a genial man, and had endeared himself greatly to his neighbors.

"Still determined to leave us, Charles?" inquired one.

"Yes, for the good of myself and family. How can we submit tamely to the loss of our patrimonies without an effort to reimburse ourselves when a friendly land invites us to share its hospitality?"

"There is truth in your argument for all who, like you, Charles, have a large venture in slaves. Thank heaven I am so poor that a change of laws will not affect me," said one.

"Where a man's treasure is, there also is his heart. It is nature. Almost you persuade me, Charles, to do likewise," remarked another.

"As I have told you, I will retain my patrimony and free my slaves, too, by this venture in the United States, under a more liberal government than ours."

"Ah, Charles!" remarked another listener, "you forget the real difference between our government and that of the United States. And then the social laws are so different. You will never be able to accustom yourself to the habits of a republic. Do you not remember the planters from Georgia and Carolina who fought for good King George, and were stanch Royalists? They retired to the Bahamas when our cause was lost in the American colonies. My brother has just returned from a trip there. He tells strange tales of their surprise at many things we do here. I fear it is but a cold welcome you will receive from men of their class."

"Certainly," replied Montfort; "I shall try to be a good subject or citizen of whatever country I may be compelled to reside in for a long or short time."

"But surely you will not expose your wife to the inconveniences of life in that country," said another.

"She has had her choice, but prefers hardships with me to life without me," proudly returned Montfort.

"A willful man must have his way," murmured one who had not yet spoken; "and I will give you three months to stay in the land of savages before you will be returning to us bag and baggage."

"Well," laughed Montfort, "we shall see."

Twilight had fallen now, and Montfort bared his head to the refreshing sea breeze which fluttered every leaf. When he bade his friends good-night, finally, and started on his homeward walk, the arguments of the good clergyman and of his friends were present in his harassed mind, and he wondered if he were doing wrong not to be prevailed upon to yield to the opinions of others. Once he almost determined that he would give it all up and remain in this land of love and beauty. To collect his scattered thoughts and calm his mind he turned toward the bay, and stood upon the beach, still allowing the breeze to play about his heated temples. Never before had he appreciated his home so much as now, when he contrasted it with the comparative barrenness of the new spot he had chosen. The water was alive with marine creatures; the sea aflame. The air was full of light-giving insects, incessantly moving, which illumined the darkness and gave life to every inanimate object. Over all the moon and stars were set in the cloudless deep-blue sky of coming night. Alas! his good angel fled with the darkness, and morning found him more determined than ever to go on with his project.

When it became generally known in Bermuda that Charles Montfort had decided to leave the place of his birth and establish himself in a foreign land, many friends gathered about him and advised him to reconsider his determination. Montfort laughingly invited them to join him in his new venture, and then earnestly pointed out to them the dangers which threatened their fortunes. He painted his plans in glowing colors, and ended by promising them that in less than twenty-five years he would land in England, a retired planter, his former slaves free and happy, and he himself rich and honored.

Having an immense amount of property to transport, it happened that Mr. Montfort was compelled to make two trips to Newberne before he removed his family to their new home; but after much energetic work and many difficulties, the little family looked through blinding tears at the receding shores of what had been a happy home. A week later a noble ship stood off the shores of North Carolina. On the deck was Charles Montfort; his wife hung upon his arm; beside the devoted couple were Charles, Jr., named for his father, and Jesse, the young darling of his mother's heart. Silently they gazed upon the fair scene before them, each longing for the land so recently left behind them, though no word of regret was spoken.

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THE JUDGE BARRED HIM.—Robert Spurling, an educated Negro, who is preparing for admission to the bar, was rejected Oct. 10 for citizenship, because of his color, by Judge Kirkpatrick, in the United States Court. Spurling is a graduate of Howard University of Washington, D. C., and a student of Princeton University. He was born in Dutch Guiana, so the judge had to refuse him citizenship on the ground that the naturalization law specifically declares that "white" persons not born in the United States can become citizens. Judge Strong, in the Middlesex County Court, refused, last Monday, to naturalize a Negro born in Nova Scotia.

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ANOTHER SOUTHERN MILL.—Significant of Southern possibilities is the plan of J. E. Wiley, an Afro-American of means, to establish at Dallas, Tex., a 2,500-spindle mill, in which race labor alone will be employed. About \$50,000 will be invested. Already buildings have been secured with electric power, railway and water facilities.

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WISER THAN SOME WHITE MEN.—"Are you old enough to vote?" asked the tourist in North Carolina.

"I dunno erzackly what my age is, boss," replied the colored man. "But I kin tell you dis: I allus was old enough to know better dan to try to vote." —*Washington Star*.

**EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

[We take great pleasure in announcing to our thousands of readers the appointment of Mrs. Albreta M. Smith of Chicago, Ill., as regular Chicago correspondent of this magazine. Mrs. Smith will begin her work next month, her first report appearing in the December magazine. Feeling confident that all our readers would be interested in knowing more of one of the foremost women of the race of today, we have prepared the following brief sketch of Mrs. Smith's life.]

**A PROMINENT CLUB WOMAN.**—The subject of this sketch, Mrs. Albreta Moore Smith, was born in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 24, 1875. Her early life was that of the ordinary girl,—uneventful; yet, dreams of an active and useful future often presented themselves to her in roseate hues. After graduating from the Chicago public schools Mrs. Smith entered Armour Institute of Technology, and graduated from the Commercial Department in '94, winning the prize diploma, the first and only girl of her color to merit this reward in the Institute.

In pursuance of her profession she worked as stenographer in various offices of the city until 1896, at which time she was appointed stenographer in the Afro-American National Republican Bureau. In the winter of the same year she was appointed private secretary and stenographer to ex-Assessor Richard C. Gunning. By rendering good and efficient work while in this official capacity she was retained throughout the succeeding two Democratic and one Republican administration. Only the fluctuations of political issues caused her to resign. This is the highest political position ever held by any colored woman in the state of Illinois, and we regret to say that no other colored woman has ever been fortunate enough to procure a similar position.

At an early age Mrs. Smith became interested in club work, and has filled many important positions in various local clubs. She is a member of the Woman's Conference, Woman's Aid, State Federation of Illinois, Progressive Circle of King's Daughters and the M. M. Lawson Guild, No. 2; all philanthropic, social and educational organizations, composed of colored women who represent the intellect and culture of Chicago. She is also founder and president of the Colored Women's Business Club, composed of forty of the most proficient business

women of the city. Although only five months old, they have accomplished wonders toward ameliorating the condition of womankind. In November they will open a Woman's Exchange, to be located in the business section of the city, under the management of an incorporated stock company.

After six years' experience in the commercial world, and an affiliation with white women's clubs of a similar nature, Mrs. Smith thought the time ripe for Negro business women to unite their efforts, in order that they might become a force in the world of commerce and trade.

We anticipate a bright and useful future for this timely organization. Its plans and objects are of such a nature that all race-loving women should render them all possible assistance; for we need more competent business women and men in order to win the recognition which we, as a race, believe we merit.

During the month of August, upon an invitation sent her by Hon. Booker T. Washington, Mrs. Smith attended the National Negro Business League, the first National Negro Body ever assembled together for consultation and inspiration, with the hope of formulating plans by which the status of the Negro as a business factor might be ascertained and established; read a paper on "Woman's Development in Business," the contents of which were so salient and instructive that she was elected vice-president, an unusual honor to be accorded a woman, with one hundred and fifty men delegates present. Since then Mrs. Smith has been made organizer of women's leagues. She will devote most of her time to this branch of the work, lecturing in various cities upon the "Capabilities of Negro Women in Business."

Mrs. Smith presents a type of industry which would be well for many of our girls to emulate; energetic and businesslike, she is the embodiment of many other thrifty qualities so characteristic of true Westerners.

She is also an excellent writer, having demonstrated this fact by a number of articles appearing in several leading dailies of Chicago. By a continuation of her present methods, we believe her aims and hopes will be realized. We understand that Mrs. Smith's display of ability along these lines is not surprising to



her many friends, for her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Moore, are two of the oldest and most prominent citizens in Chicago.

Mrs. Smith has been appointed our Chicago correspondent, and will take up this branch of work in November.

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THE great interest aroused throughout the country by the publication of the picture, "The Young Colored American," in our October number, has caused us to have the same reproduced as an *art work* by a special process. It makes a picture that should be in every home in this land, and we mean to help you put it there. The picture is a photogravure, in a deep, rich brown, with india-tint background, on the best plate paper; size 18 x 24 inches. It would sell in the regular way of trade in the art stores at from three to five dollars. However, as we have placed an order for a quantity, we are enabled to offer it to our patrons at the very low price of \$1.00, postpaid. We want an agent in every town and city to sell this picture. Liberal inducements.

EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

FOR a limited time (until Jan. 1, 1901) we will send a copy of this picture, together with a *full year's subscription* to THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE, to everyone sending us \$1.50. This is a most remarkable offer, and is made solely to increase our subscription list to fifty thousand names by Jan. 1. It can be done if all our subscribers and friends will spread the "good news."

If not convenient to mail us the money, hand it to one of our regular agents (see list as published in this issue), and the picture and magazine will be sent you by return mail, from the home office.

We want good live agents throughout the country to work on this subscription proposition between now and the first of the year. Large weekly salaries can be made by good canvassers.

WE offer to our readers with this issue, the first number of a new volume. While our first volume is, we feel, a credit to the race, being without question the best illustrated monthly so far issued exclusively in the interest of the Afro-American, the present and future volumes will be better in every respect. We are enabled in this issue to make use of a goodly number of illustrations, which will be increased from month to month, or as fast as the growth of the magazine will allow. The new series that begins with this number, cannot but prove of widespread interest. The article on "Toussaint L'Overture — His Life and Times," will give a good idea of the interesting biographical matter that will appear during the coming year in the series: "Famous Men of the Negro Race." Charles Winslow Hall also gives in his "Adam and Eve," a foretaste of what our readers may expect from his series of Fascinating Bible Stories. The *Here and There Department* will also be increased in size and interest from month to month, and the addition of illustrations will serve to arouse new interest in this already popular phase of our magazine work.

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A MULATTO FOR CONGRESS.—We note that the Republicans in Columbia, S. C., have nominated for Congress a young mulatto lawyer named R. A. Stewart. We are glad to see this move in the right direction, and trust that the good work will go on. If the race is consistent, energetic, and with an eye single to the best good of all, the final result is a foregone conclusion. We shall win.

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DOUBTLESS there are many thousands of intelligent white men and women, and possibly some of our own race, who have spent many hours reading "The Three Musketeers," "Monte Cristo," and other works of the older and younger Dumas. Many of these readers probably did not know that they were reading the work of mulattoes, of men with a great deal of pure African blood in their veins. Our race is apparently the under dog in the battle of nations just at present. However, we once led the fight, as anyone can learn by studying the Negro nose and Negro lips of the old Sphinx rising above the desert sands. Our day will come again.

Following is the list of our agents as far as appointed, arranged by states. We shall add to the list from month to month.

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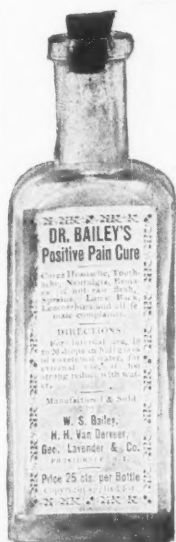
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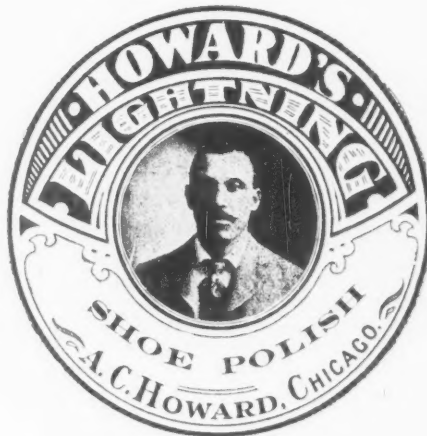
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